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MORNING CALLS

MORNING CALLS, the hatred and annoyance of all persons who know the value of time, formed at S——, the staple business of life. After this it is quite unnecessary to say that S—— was a small country town, abounding with genteel idle people,—who, having limited incomes, and few occupations, and much leisure, and little mind, mainly occupied themselves in hearing and retailing news. By many people, S——, was considered a charming residence; in the country sense of the term it contained so much 'good society,'—and this good society was so, 'very sociable:—'in other words—every body drank tea with every body, and every body knew every body's business. As far as news was concerned they had all things in common; scandal was certainly communicated from mouth to mouth under the charge of secrecy, but that, as all the world knows, is equivalent to proclaiming it by sound of trumpet; so that such a thing as a secret was perfectly unknown in S——. Surprise was next to impossible, for all events, no matter of what kind, public or private, petty or important, were known beforehand; *sudden death* was the only circumstance ever known to baffle these omniscient people. It was quite a straight forward proceeding to report births and marriages before their occurrence; but sudden death was an awkward subject to meddle with; it was not to be foreseen even by those who foresaw all things. The town of S——, was like a bee-hive always in a buzz,—of hints, wonderments, suspicions, doubts, hopes, fears, and conjectures; it was a vast whispering-gallery; one large ear; but this last figure rather fails in similarity, as the self-same whisper often found a hundred different echoes. The surmise at one end of the town that a lady and gentleman were attached, grew to a suspicion in the middle, that they were engaged; from which started a full-grown report at the other end, that the wedding-clothes were in hand. Disasters went through the same exaggerating process. A piece of news past through as many changes as a chrysalis; a simple fact in the hands of these philosophic newsmongers became the germ of a hundred. Life at S——, was a round-robin monotony of putting on the same dresses, seeing the same people, taking the same walks, playing at cards with the same partners, dancing to the same tunes, and coming away at the same hour, over and over again, from the beginning of one year to the end of another. Hence, arose craving for excitement in the only attainable shape, that of news; out of which originated a talent for gossip, and a passion for morning calls.

There was no newspaper printed at S——; there needed none; nor any

voice of print. An unfortunate genius did venture to set up a General Advertiser; but at the end of three months, he abandoned minion and brevier in desperation; he could procure no news; it was all picked up and disseminated through the indefatigable agency of Morning Callers; every scrap of 'local intelligence' was old by the day of publication. What was far worse, the advertising department was a sinecure; for governesses, mistresses, schools, servants, and apprentices, all preferred these *walking* advertisements, which were found to answer far better, and were besides 'duty free.'

At the head of these systematic time-destroyers stood Mrs. Sharpley, and her three daughters, Julia, Caroline, and Anne. She, as a widow, considered herself absolved from the apostolic injunction to be a 'keeper at home,' and they, as young ladies, considered themselves absolved likewise, on the plea that as yet they had no home (of their own) to keep. Life was to this family a series of visits and visitations, of opening and shutting doors, how-do-ye-dos, and good-byes; they lived in their bonnets, and their walking shoes, like the feet of Noah's dove, found no rest for their soles. The old lady was a portly, comfortable, coarse-minded, worldly, but in the main kind-hearted, woman; immensely popular; for she had a fluent speech, and during her round of morning calls, dropped a smile, or tear, or compliment, or hope, or consolation, at every step of her progress. The young ladies were chatty, pretty-looking, pleasure-loving, little-reading, less-thinking, damsels; unrivalled in what are called the elegant arts of female industry; the manufacture of riddles and conundrums in blue ink; new-fashioned watch-pockets, pen-wipers, fly-cages, fire-grate papers, egg-baskets, card-purses, bead-bracelets, and tatting. They were prudent, sensible, young women; their mother on a reduced scale;—lovers of shopping for its own sake; geniuses at Pope Joan and Commerce, and ever on the look-out for new patterns, whereby to regenerate old garments. Nothing could equal the sensation occasioned by the appearance of a stranger in S——. The visiting part of the community were not exactly in arms on the occasion; but as soon as possible they were one and all on foot; and in a series of morning calls, the affairs, dress, fortune, character, and future destiny of the unfortunate he, or she, were as confidently reported upon as if an old inhabitant of the town. Two strangers, strangers too somewhat out of the common way, had just arrived on a visit, but three days of rain had prevented the possibility of their making calls; the fourth morning, however, graciously dawned in smiles; and thus spoke Mrs. Sharpley at the close of breakfast:—'Well, really, girls, this fine day rejoices one's heart, so make haste and send the things away, that we may make the best of it. Let me see, just nine o'clock now; say we are ready to set off by eleven, and dine an hour later than usual, how many calls can we get through? but first reach me the almanack, and let me see how many we owe; mercy upon us, how these wet days have thrown us behind-hand.'

The almanack was reached from its stand, and the old lady proceeded to tell over the cards with appropriate notes and comments.

'Mrs. Lorraine Finch—Certainly; it is our duty to call upon her strangers in the first place; I wish one could have got a little of Sir John's history before one went: I wonder whether he likes dancing. Julia, be sure and practise over your quadrilles to-night. And now I think of it, pray, Anne, my dear, did I ever give Mrs. Finch the receipt for Scotch marmalade, which her poor old aunt asked me for?'

'No, indeed,' replied the young lady addressed, 'for you said you should not make it common to any such person.'

Mrs. Sharpley was seized with a coughing-fit towards the close of her daughter's reply, but recovering herself, she thus proceeded:—'Dear me, what a shameful piece of forgetfulness! Anne, love, sit down, and copy it out directly; take gilt-edge paper, child, not that back of an old letter, and get a new pen. I wonder whether Mrs. Finch will have many parties whilst Sir John and his sister are with her.'

'Mrs. Finch knows more of the world than any one in S——,' said Julia. 'And dresses better, and her rooms are more tastefully ornamented,' said Caroline. 'And her suppers are more elegant,' observed Anne. 'And she has far better connexions,' said the mother.

Verdict.—Mrs. Lorraine Finch is more worthy of attention than her neighbours.

'Mother,' said Caroline, 'we owe a call to those tiresome old frumps the Oddleys; always begging one's patterns, and inviting one to tea in a friendly way. I hate friendly ways.'

'Hush, hush, my dear,' replied her mother, with a cautionary nod, 'a little civility is well bestowed upon people who go every where, and who have nothing to do but talk about their neighbours; besides, I really like the Oddleys—poor souls—one of you find last week's newspaper for them. And Caroline, you might as well give Miss Letty the pattern of a morning-cap; take her that I desired you never to wear again. Well, who else have we to see; the Jones', the Walkers, the Waleys—what people those are—call, call, call, the instant one is out of their debt; just as if one had nothing to do but be at home to them. How long is it since we were at a party there?'—'Indeed, mother, I don't know,' replied Julia, 'but I am sure we always invite them twice for once.'

'Fie, fie, Julia,' rejoined the mother, 'you should not mention such trifles; however, I don't think we shall have time to call this morning. Mrs. Morris, she is a spiteful creature; but I must see her, for I want to know where her dyer lives. Mrs. Charles Merton, poor woman, what a life she leads with those nine children.' 'Really, mother,' interrupted Anne, 'it is of no use wasting time with Mrs. Merton; one never meets her any where, and she knows nothing out of her own house; and she is always busy.' 'So much the greater charity to look in upon her now and then; besides, I think her housemaid is under warning, and I should like to know a little of her character in a quiet way before I see after her. Well, really, I think we shall manage no more calls this morning; we must do the rest to-morrow. I must somehow peep in at Mrs. Taffety's, to see if she has any thing new in the turban way; and if Mrs. Finch is likely to have any gay doings, you girls may as well have your new frocks made now, as at Christmas; now then, dress yourselves directly; your black velvet spencers, and best flounced petticoats; nothing is so becoming as to see sisters all dressed alike. Julia, love, keep your veil down at Mrs. Finch's. Anne, don't forget to offer to show Miss Dashford all the pleasant walks about S——, really, I quite feel for poor Mrs. Finch, no young people of her own to amuse her strangers; we must relieve her as much as we can.'

Availing myself of the stage privilege, I beg the reader to consider the

black line drawn above, equivalent to a drop-scene; and then, without further preliminary, I shall open this second act, and introduce my performers sitting in Mrs. Finch's library; in company with that lady, Sir John Dashford and his sister, in the fine full flow of morning-call talk; the matrons apart from the young people, and Mrs. Sharpley playing diplomatic. 'My dear Mrs. Finch, I do assure you that this receipt has quite weighed upon my conscience, and I have said to my girls at least a dozen times, do one of you copy out that receipt for Scotch marmalade for Mrs. Finch's aunt—what a delightful old lady she is—so chatty and cheerful. Do tell her, Mrs. Finch, that she must come amongst us this winter; there is nothing so good for an old person as a social rubber; what a charming acquisition you have made to our S—— society; but, indeed, as I say to our girls, whenever you make an increase, it always is an acquisition. What a lovely young woman Miss Dashford is, and how exceedingly like her brother.'

'And he,' interrupted Mrs. Finch, 'is, (I say it in confidence,) the mildest, most easy-tempered creature in the world; you may do any thing with him; his own master, and full three thousand a year, I assure you, Mrs. Sharpley.'

'I hope we may be able to make S—— pleasant to him,' replied that lady earnestly. Now, my dear Mrs. Finch, I do beg and entreat that you will not stand upon ceremony with *us*; your time will be occupied, and we know young people like young people; let my daughters lionize Miss Dashford and her brother when you are engaged; we must plan some rural excursions—what a pity it is not winter; but we must do the best we can.' Meantime, out of compliment to the distinguished strangers, the Miss Sharpleys had discoursed in a manner very superior to the general wont of morning-call conversation at S——; servants, wedding reports, vulgar topics of every kind were banished; but we will give the reader a specimen. They discovered then, that there were many pleasant walks in the neighbourhood; that riding was a very agreeable exercise; that green was likely to be a very fashionable colour; that Ivanhoe was in a quite different style from Waverley; that S—— was very dull in summer; that in winter it was much gayer; that quadrilles were far more elegant than country-dances; that it must be very delightful to travel abroad; that the book society was not well supported in S——; that they hoped to see much of the strangers during their visit, &c. &c.

Conversation rippled on in this style for about an hour; at the end of which time the morning callers departed, and proceeded to the Oddleys, who were all at home, and in more than readiness to receive information on all subjects. A glance at the sitting-room would alone have sufficed to convince a stranger as to the character and customs of its inhabitants. It was three-cornered, and full of three-cornered things. The table was octagonal, the flower-stands triangular, the escutoire carved, the carpet of a zigzag pattern, and the fire-place set round with Dutch tiles. The ornaments were, a superannuated parrot, and a stuffed owl, an asthmatic poodle, and a tortoise-shell tabby, fat as a porpoise, and grave as a judge; two embroidered angels hanging over the chimney-piece; and two china hay-makers, two ditto shepherdesses, ditto of porcelain candlesticks, ditto of sea-shells, and ditto of glass bellows upon the mantel-shelf. Who would not have known this to be the tenement of old maids! Such in truth were the three Miss Oddleys; but they did honour to the species;

simple-hearted, straight-forward, worthy women; prone, as Miss Caroline said, to beg patterns, and invite to tea in a friendly way; but thoroughly good-natured; good-natured even in their gossip; no spiteful version of a fact ever originated with the Miss Oddleys; and if their heads resembled their sitting-room in being ornamented with lumber, their hearts did not, for they contained nothing three-cornered. This has been a long digression from the main subject; but if one exhibits the worse parts of human nature, it is but common justice to pourtray its worthier.

'Well, ladies,' commenced their matron visitor, 'here I am, with all my tribe—no leaving them behind when we are to call on Miss Oddleys—Well, and how *have* you been this age since I saw you? I said to Anne or Julia, I don't know which, as we were dressing, my dear, said I, we will go and call on the Miss Oddleys this morning, come what will; and here we are, and here you are, snug and comfortable as ever. Ah, as I often say to my girls, Miss Oddleys' life for happiness. By the way we have brought you a newspaper, and the pattern of a morning-cap Miss Letty, which, take my word for it, will become you amazingly. We are on our way to the fashions; I suppose you don't countenance such vanities, Miss Esther?'

'My pocket does not,' replied the spinster, with a good-humoured smile, 'but we always see them nevertheless; we contrive to want a yard or two of ribbon, or a bit of persian, when Mrs. Taffety exhibits. But have you seen our strangers? Certainly the Finches must be doing uncommonly well. I prophesy Sir John will lose his heart whilst he is here; young ladies, mark my words. But what do you think of him, my dears?' The young ladies smiled, and bridled, and declared they really had not formed any opinion on the subject; that from the *very* transient notice they had taken of him, Sir John appeared a rather pleasant, somewhat good-looking young man: then, to make amends for their decorous reserve as to the brother, one and all were rapturous in their encomiums on the sister.

But to proceed in this elaborate, question-and-answer manner, will protract our morning calls till doomsday; we shall venture therefore to make a multum in parvo of all the useful and interesting information received and imparted during 'this present sitting of the Gossips' Parliament.

That four parties only were in 'projection throughout S——; that parties were not half so pleasant in summer as in winter; that people's dresses never appeared half so nice; that Mrs. Jones's governess was about to leave; that it was suspected she was going to marry the eldest son; that the match between Emma Leicester and her cousin was broken off; that it was not supposed there was any fault on either side; that poor Mrs. Merton had had the tooth-ache a whole week; that the new curate played the best rubber of any gentleman in the place, and preached moreover most excellent sermons; that it was a great comfort to have a good clergyman; that Doctor Dawdle had been called out of church the last Sunday; that Mr. Clare had increased his business; that Mrs. Thompson was likely to increase her family; that the Waleys were just gone into mourning; that the Morris's were just gone out; that mourning was very disagreeable in summer; that it was very convenient when it so happened that people could put it on in winter, &c. &c.

This is but a brief abstract of what transpired; at the end of half an hour Mrs. Sharpley and her daughters rose, for time was precious to them.

They felt that news like knowledge was not to be hoarded; and if like Dr. Watts's busy bee

They gathered honey all the day
From every opening flower,

they were, to do them justice, neither idle nor selfish recipients; like the same busy bee they stored it up for the use and pleasure of others; what they gathered in one place they deposited elsewhere in a new and improved form.

Mrs. Morris's was the next point for which our party made; and having there unloaded the cargo of intelligence taken in at the Oddleys, they proceeded to take in fresh supplies of such articles as Mrs. M. could furnish; which, most unfortunately, consisted chiefly of contradictions. From her then they learnt, that Sir John Dashford had only *two* thousand a year;—that the Finches were exceedingly censured for keeping so much company, (Mrs. Morris had not been included in their last party);—that Mr. Clare was likely to be gazetted soon;—that the new curate did not preach his own sermons;—that the Waleys were going into black, not into mourning;—that there were very unpleasant reports abroad concerning young Jones;—that servants were the ninety-nine plagues of Babylon;—that five ladies wanted cooks, and as many house-maids;—that Mrs. Waley's new gown was a dyed one; that Emma Leicester was not likely to overget her disappointment, &c. &c. In addition to all this important intelligence, our morning callers further increased their stock of useful knowledge by one or two culinary details, and managing discoveries, which we purpose to impart to Dr. Kitchener, for the benefit of his next edition of the 'Cook's Oracle,' and the 'Footman's Directory.' 'How shameful that there should be so many contradictory reports about the same thing,' said Mrs. Sharpley as she left Mrs. Morris's, 'but as we have many places yet to call at, I dare say we shall get at the truth by and bye.'

In this hope she proceeded with her daughters to the Jones's, the Walkers, the Waleys, and the Mertons. At all these places, excepting the last, (poor Mrs. Merton, as usual, knew nothing), the same peal of subjects was rung, and at each with changes. Poor Sir John's two thousand a year dwindled down to five hundred; his other good qualities were plucked from him in like manner; and his overthrow was crowned by the certain intelligence from 'unquestionable authority,' (there never yet was a piece of scandal that did not plead 'unquestionable authority'), that he was on the point of marriage! At each reduction of his income Mrs. Sharpley's eulogies waxed fainter and fainter, and at the last piece of intelligence she determined in her own mind to forego her new turban and let the girls wait till Christmas for their new frocks.

How the matter ended we cannot at present explain; all we dare venture to declare, is, that our morning callers returned home weary with walking, perplexed with contradictions, comforted only by reflecting how much business they had got through in one morning.

M. J. J.

STANZAS

TO AN INFANT ASLEEP IN ITS MOTHER'S ARMS.

Heaven lies about us in our infancy.

WORDSWORTH.

I.

O ne'er was bird at morning hour,
So bright, and blithe as thou,
Yet scarcely is a night-closed flower,
More soft and stirless now :
But never did a bower like thine,
Or bird, or blossom keep,—
Sweet Babe, thou hast a dower divine,
In that, thine INFANT SLEEP.

II.

For what to thee is Chance or Time ?
The wrongs thy kind endure ?
In thine unconsciousness sublime ;—
Thine innocence secure ;—
Soft gliding like a leaf or flower,
On this world's wonderous deep,
Though winds arise and tempests lower,—
Calm, calm, thine INFANT SLEEP.

III.

But years must lapse ere thou wilt learn
Of that still joy the truth ;
The child, for active sport will burn,
For Pleasure's chase the youth ;—
Stern Time must many a hope destroy,
And Care thy spirit steep,
Ere thou, perceiving life's alloy—
Regret, thine INFANT SLEEP.

IV.

Yes,—manhood will embrown thy cheek,
Where blooms a six months' rose,
And fervid beams from that eye break,
Where morn's meek lustre glows ;
Ambition, Glory, Love, and Lore,
Thy wakened spirit sweep ;
But Sage, or Hero,—hope no more
Thy pure, thine INFANT SLEEP !

V.

And, thou wilt leave that precious fold,
 Thy mother's gentle breast;
 And love in other eyes behold,—
 By other lips be blest;—
 The Wife—the Friend—in hours of woe
 Will minister and weep;—
 But love,—such love as seraphs know—
That—watched thine INFANT SLEEP.

VI.

Farewell sweet Babe! O be thy soul
 Stirred gently by the world!
 Truth's banner vast—Time's tragic scroll—
 By guardian hands unfurled;
 Be thou a child of 'thoughtful breath,'—
 Life's pilgrim-path so keep—
 That even the dark repose of death,—
 May be but INFANT SLEEP!

CUPID'S CONTRADICTIONS.

It is as easy to count atomies, as to resolve the propositions of a lover.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

A palace, yet a place of thrall,
 My bosom is I ween;
 Where thou, altho' the space be small,
 Art captive, yet a queen:—
 Thou hast no power to leave me,
 Yet being bound art free;
 Full often dost thou grieve me,
 Yet joy is summed in thee.

Though to the world I praise thee,
 Thy worth it cannot know;
 Above the stars I raise thee,
 Yet leave thee all too low.
 When absent, I deplore thee,
 Yet shrink when thou art near;
 My pain is to adore thee,—
 My happiness to fear.

I would have all men love thee,—
 A world of hearts be thine;
 Yet die, should thou my dove, flee
 To other Ark than mine.
 I'd have thee blythely range, love,
 Yet fixed beyond control;—
 To the eye, be a moon for change, love,
 A load-star to the soul.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE NORTH.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—A truce to your complainings—a traveller cannot be a punctual correspondent—unless indeed he travel on business, and correspond with his employers. It is true I have not once addressed you during my two months absence from home, but then so much the more shall I have to tell you when we meet by our own fire-side; and if I have never committed my thoughts to foolscap, believe me, I have never ceased to think of you. Whether I climbed Skiddaw, or wandered among the fastnesses of Borrowdale—or sailed over the clear blue depths of Windermere—whether overtaken by a storm—or taking ‘mine ease in mine inn’—or feasting on char, or fasting on oat-cake—wheresoever I went, whatsoever I did, suffered, or enjoyed, I invariably wished for the presence of my wise, foolish, incomprehensible cousin and friend—Walter Freeman. Nevertheless as I am threatened with instant loss of favor, unless I give some account of myself, or, to use thine own phrase, ‘relate my adventures,’ I am fain to take up the pen and sacrifice an intended moonlight ramble. But if truth must be told, friend Walter, and a very disagreeable truth it is—the romance of this country is confined to the appearances of nature; the course of human life, is as little poetical here, as it is in your Babel of brick and mortar, London: and for aught I see, the men and women are, in the main, precisely like the men and women everywhere else—beings who eat, drink, and sleep; and are alternately pleased and vexed with trifles. Furthermore, much as it will grieve thy romance loving self to hear it, I am constrained to confess that adventures are rarely to be met with, or even made. I protest that notwithstanding all my efforts, I have been utterly unable to get up an attachment of any sort or kind; and I begin to think with thee that the world is becoming a mere volume of prose. A line of poetry was certainly taken from it, when Fashion added the Lakes to her territories. It is true the scenery remains in nature’s keeping, and the *by-ways* are yet unsophisticated, but the *highways* are lost for ever to the true-lovers of the picturesque: carriages—stage-coaches—dandies—livery-servants—green-veiled ladies—parasols, and opera-glasses—affront the eye at every step. Not only the days of chivalry, but the days of sentiment are past!

It was on the morning of a second day of almost incessant rain, that I strolled out to refresh both mind and body, after the *ennui* occasioned by solitary confinement in a strange place. The sky was covered with gloomy ragged clouds, except in the west, where the sun had burst forth, preparatory to his setting, and thrown a partial, troubled splendour, over the dark masses which immediately surrounded him. The far-off mountains with their awful depth of shade, and the lake, swollen with the rain and ruffled with the wind, accorded well with that sullen sky. The little rills no longer trickled over the rocks like lines of silver, making in their descent only a quiet murmur, but came pouring down with the impetuous speed of torrents. In my mountain rambles I usually choose the most unfrequented paths, as being less likely to encounter in them the regular promenaders, and as enjoying greater facilities of becoming acquainted with the country and its inhabitants. In the present instance, I had struck into a by-road wild enough even for my taste, and careless whither it might lead me, I wandered on until my further progress was stopped by a rapid stream, which, increased far beyond its natural size by the rain and mountain rivulets, was flowing right across my path. ‘Over boots over shoes,’ says the proverb, but in this case it seemed likely to be ‘over head over ears’—therefore, wisely de-

g to ford the brook, I clambered up a crag, at a little distance from road side, and there seated myself. When one is in a lazy, or in a melancholy mood, it is delightful to watch motion without being required to move;—therefore, sailing in a boat—observing people work—trees wave—or shadows dance—is pleasant: in the absence of these excitements, I was content to watch the flowing of the water. I had sat there some time, when my attention was attracted by the appearance of a female, who suddenly emerged from a turn in the road below, and walked backwards and forwards with a rapid anxious step; frequently directing her eyes to a particular point, as though from thence she awaited the approach of some object. After some time thus fruitlessly spent, she retreated to a stone close by the way-side and there sitting down, covered her face, and bowed her head, like one given up to overpowering sorrow. It was a better feeling than mere curiosity, that induced me to descend, and address her in the language of compassion. ‘Tell me,’ said I, ‘what you look for, and I will assist you in the search;’ She made me no answer, and I was obliged to repeat both my question and offer of assistance more than once, before I could succeed in gaining her attention. At last, she looked in my face, but with an expression so wild, so desolate, that at once the truth suggested itself—the poor soul was crazed! Though young, she was not pretty, her dress was that of the peasantry, nor did her deportment bespeak her of a higher rank—everything about her, excepting her wild and grief-worn countenance, was common-place. Nevertheless I was inexpressibly touched. Again I made fresh inquiries as to her name, residence, and object of search; and again with the same ill success. She only looked at me as before, in dumb sorrow—raised her hand—(it was wan and attenuated like the rest of her frame) pointed along the road, shook her head, and sighed bitterly. At length after about a quarter of an hour thus spent, in dumb show on her side, and on mine, in fruitless efforts to make myself understood—she seemed to arouse to recollection:—giving another look to the point whither she had previously directed so many in vain—she murmured in a low, heart-broken voice—*He is not come yet, I will return to-morrow*, rose from her seat,—moved from me at a rapid pace, and was soon hidden by the turn in the road from which I had first beheld her approach.

It will be quite needless to tell *you*, that compassion, curiosity, a multitude of strong, undefinable emotions, excited me to follow her steps at a distance—to inform myself of her history—and do all in my power towards improving her circumstances. Alas! it was little that any human being could hope to effect, for who may ‘minister to a mind diseased.’ I know not that I ever had my feelings so powerfully affected as by this poor crazed girl, and yours too, my dear Walter, will not be unmoved, when I tell you the ‘*over true tale*’ connected with those simple words—*He is not come yet—I will return to-morrow*.

Reuben Sands, her father, was a poor man, inasmuch as he gained his bread by his daily labour; but there was nothing abject in his poverty, because his labour sufficed to furnish him with the necessities of life, and his principles led him to be ‘therewith content.’ He had but one child, and she ministered to him, and to her mother, with tenderness and zeal. Kate was not beautiful (except in the eyes of her parents), but she was endowed with a meek, loving, womanly spirit,—with a heart made to sympathize with suffering—a hand ever ready to afford personal service—Kate was born to love, and to be loved;—and the village gossips foretold,

by her timid, melancholy eye—her silent, almost reserved demeanour—that she would love once, and for ever—for life, or for death—in happiness deep and steadfast—or in sorrow, dark and changeless. She did love—and not only well, but wisely—for her betrothed was approved by both father and mother; well spoken of in his own, and that was a neighbouring village; and, added to these recommendations, he was superior in point of station and manners to the country youths around. Kate had been his first and only love; neither friends nor circumstances offered opposition; the lovers plighted their troth; their few simple preparations were made; the cottage was furnished; the day fixed for their union arrived; and the wedding cavalcade assembled. It was to be a rustic holiday throughout the village, for Kate was a universal favourite; all was ready, but the young lover did not make his appearance. The wedding guests looked at each other, not knowing what to think. Anger, suspicion, even threats, were at first expressed; but as the lagging hours sped on, other feelings arose, of a kinder, but more melancholy nature. The messengers sent to his father's house, returned and brought no tidings. 'He had left home the afternoon before, to pay his last visit as a lover to Kate; he had never returned.' But he had reached Kate's cottage at the appointed trysting hour, and had left her early in the evening; no more was known. Suddenly, it was remembered that one of those sudden and heavy mists, common, and often fatal, in those mountainous regions, had arisen the preceding evening, and that the young man's path lay across a wild rocky district; for, in the impatience of a lover's heart, he had latterly never travelled the regular road, because it was more than a mile round. The moment an old shepherd suggested the mist, and the pass of ———, dejection and dismay was painted on every face; the young men spoke not a word, but went out, and dispersed to the right and to the left, seeking their companion; whilst the females remained to weep with their bereaved friend. I shall tire you if I prolong the details of this simple but most sad tale. It was not till some days had elapsed that the object of search was discovered; dead of course. The mist had arisen, and not having had presence of mind to sit down and wait till the morning should disperse it, the unfortunate young man had wandered out of his way, and unable, by reason of the fog, to discover the chasms and precipices around, had fallen from a considerable height, and perished! They brought him home and buried him, and mourned for him as a brother and a friend; but grief for the dead soon yielded to sympathy for the living, for whom sympathy was equally vain. I will not harass your feelings by repeating the description given me by eye witnesses of the scene which ensued when the survivor came to the full knowledge of her hapless fate. Three words will inform you of the result. Kate is crazed! Neither medicine nor kindness, no, nor yet severity affects her; she is a tearless Niobe; still, silent, and harmless, her existence centres in one idea, one phrase, one recollection. She has forgotten her lover's catastrophe; she remembers only that he promised to make her his wife; and day after day, throughout summer and winter, she repairs, morning and evening, to the path where he should have appeared on his wedding day. When there, she looks forth anxiously as though she still expected him to meet her, and after having watched her appointed time, turns back to her home repeating the same mournful phrase—*He is not come yet—I will return to-morrow.* Alas! to-morrow succeeds to-morrow, and still he comes not!

ANECDOTES OF BURNS.

BY MISS SPENCE.

[For the following anecdote of Burns we are indebted to the politeness of Miss Spence, who collected them during a visit to Dumfries, in 1822.]

At one of Burns's convivial dinners, he was requested to say the grace, when he gave the following impromptu :

O Lord, we do thee humbly thank
For that we little merit :
Now Jean may tak' the flesh away,
And Will, bring in the spirit.

The Misses S. informed me that their house was the last which Burns visited before his death. He was then very ill, and very dejected. The sun shone brightly in at the drawing-room windows where he was seated; its rays fell so ardently upon him as almost to inconvenience him; the ladies begged him to remove to another chair. 'No,' said he, mournfully, 'the sun will not shine on me long in this world; but I trust it will shine many a day as sweetly on my grave.' The ladies never saw him again.

The mansion of the Misses S—— is situated a mile from Dumfries, on a steep elevation, its wooded banks sloping to the verge of the broad pellucid river. The windows command a view of a fine extent of landscape, with the town resting on the plain, its spires and ancient bridges, agreeably sheltered by the green hills of Galloway. Miss S—— pointed out to me from the window Burns's monument, which is plainly discernible in the distance.

I afterwards visited the churchyard in which the monument stands; it was designed by Turnerelli, and simply represents the figure of the Scottish bard, on a marble pedestal, resting on a plough, with the genius of Scotland descending to enfold him in her mantle. The design is taken from the following description of the poet, as given by himself, in a letter to one of his correspondents :

'The Genius of my country found me, as the prophetic Bard Elijah did Elisha, at the plough, and threw her inspiring mantle over me. She bid me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes, and rural pleasures of my native soil in my native tongue. I tuned my wild artless notes as she desired.'

On the pedestal which supports the figure is simply the word

BURNS.

The monument is neither shaded by cypress nor funereal yews, characteristic of so sacred a spot, but it is gaily decorated with lively flowering shrubs. I, however, gathered a sprig of the Scottish Thistle, which I brought away as a memento of the spot where Burns reposes. On the erection of the monument the remains of the poet were removed from the grave where, for almost twenty years, they had been suffered to decay in cold neglect, ungraced by 'storied urn' or 'monumental bust,' then, though not now, there seemed to be

A tear for all that die,
A mourner o'er the humblest grave,

for Mrs. Burns was often seen to steal at early morn, or beneath twilight's soft shade, to pour forth her tears over his humble grave. But since his formerly long-neglected shade has been visited by multitudes of idle and

curious strangers, (to such of whom a book is presented by the sexton to inscribe their names), Mrs. Burns has entirely withdrawn herself, nor has ever had the curiosity to visit the public tribute of respect now erected to the memory of her departed husband.

During my stay at Dumfries, I spent two mornings with Mrs. Burns. I had known her some years before, and on leaving my card at her house she was so polite as to come into town on purpose to see me, being at the time on a visit to Mrs. Dunlop, the great patroness and benefactress of Burns, the friend who never deserted him when all the world beside looked coldly upon him.

Mrs. Burns, though designated by her husband as his 'Bonny Jean,' had no pretensions to beauty even in her youthful days; her figure is short and clumsy; but there is much shrewdness and sense in her countenance; and her dark eyes beam with intelligence. Mrs. Burns is so accustomed to be visited by strangers that she is neither embarrassed or offended when they call upon her. Her manners are frank, easy, and kind by nature, and she evinces much friendly warmth of heart to those persons with whom she is intimately acquainted.

She readily shewed the young friend who accompanied me the room in which her husband died; but since my former visit to Mrs. Burns I missed the poet's library, which she told me her son had taken with him to India; also a handsome snuff-box, with the picture of Mary Queen of Scots on the lid, and which was presented to Burns by Lady Winifred Constable. Several coloured prints hung round her neat little parlour, illustrating the poem of the Cottar's Saturday Night, supposed to be the venerable parents of the poet. I could not help expressing admiration at the extreme nicety, comfort, and cleanliness of her dwelling, nor avoid complaining of the close confined situation of my lodgings, together with the pettishness of the servants; 'I wad na,' she replied, 'gie mine aine wee bit hausel for a' the lodging houses in the closes in Dumfries!'

If Burns could ever inhale health it must have been in his own 'wee bit hausel,' as Mrs. Burns denominated one of the prettiest small dwellings I ever entered, and which exhibited that appearance of extreme cleanliness which we are apt to think exclusively belongs to our English habitations. On my departure she gave me a scrap of her husband's hand-writing, but told me that she had scarcely a relic left.

With regret I bid Mrs. Burns adieu; there is a genuine simplicity, a sincerity and kindness in her manners, that convinces you that all she does and says spring from the spontaneous dictates of the heart.

STANZAS.

I.

THE dark weed looks over our desolate home,
Like a death-pall where honour is closed in the tomb;
And it seems as it whispered in sighs to the air,
All the tale of the woes that have planted it there!

II.

The chill drop that falls from its cold clammy wreath,
How deep hath it worn in the stone underneath!
So the one ceaseless thought which these ruins impart
With the chill of despair hath sunk deep in the heart!

SKETCHES OF FEMALE CHARACTER.—No. I.

INTRODUCTION.

Who shall decide when Poets disagree,
 And tuneful scribblers doubt like Pope and me ;
 He holds the axiom some fair friend let fall—
 ‘ Most women have no characters at all ;’
 Formed like a gorgeous cloud in air to range
 One blessed moment, and the next to change :
 But I who think more highly of the kind,—
 And surely they and I are of a mind,—
 Opine that God whose word was nature’s birth,
 When on its first May morning glowed the earth,
 Produced two sentient beings of one clay,
 Of equal glory and alternate ray,
 As shines the moon by night, the sun by day ;—
 The one of a more vigorous majesty ;
 Of milder light and more attractive she ;
 Marked both by a fixed character, the one
 To quicken like his prototype the sun,
 All in his range of orbit ; she to’ endear,
 And with a native light, her lunar sphere,
 With no faint lustre,—no reflected ray
 Save Heaven’s alone, and of dividual sway :
 Hence will these twin creations more resemble
 Two stars that in the purple midnight tremble,
 Scattering alike the beams of life and grace,
 To their own islands in the sea of space ;
 Of different magnitude and vividness,
 But in their use not greater and not less.
 Man, the most glittering Jupiter, all blaze,
 Fire,—pride and glory, he arrests the gaze ;—
 Woman, the lovely Hesper mild and bright,
 All sweetness and all beauty, wins the sight,
 Though sometimes like her prototype she dips
 The star-beams of her beauty in eclipse :
 Passions deform her visage,—Pride no less,—
 The love of conquest, and the love of dress ;
 And some there are, who, not content to charm,
 Would, like the Comet, startle and alarm ;
 Rush from their spheres, ambitious to be seen,
 Assume the regal rod as King or Queen.
 They too like men in noblest state must rule,—
 To such we wing the shaft of ridicule ;
 To awe the bold intruder back, and prove
 If she commands she forfeits all our love.
 No, as ‘round oaks the clustering ivy twines,
 Or round their props the marriageable vines,
 Woman is woman most when most resigned,
 Man’s statelier growth and dignity to bind ;

With green leaves hide his rugged trunk, and spread,
Like woodbines, flowers and odours round his head,
Whilst the tough stem their weakness well sustains,
Else must they trail ignobly on the plains.

I've drawn some portraiture to prove tis true
Women *have* characters, and strange ones too.
If proud, if vain, if frigid, or the like,
The chain of censure I may surely strike :
Graze the fair skin but not severely vex,
And lash the folly whilst I love the sex.

SKETCHES OF FEMALE CHARACTER.—No. II.

MIMOSA.

IF ere you take Mimosa for a 'Friend'
How mute she is, how fearful to offend !
In vain you'd bring her talents into play,—
For some she has,—her thoughts seem far away,
Or haply ponder on her future words,
Glad if with your opinion hers accords ;
Nor dares, nor deigns her native sense assert,
So oft departs without her just desert.
Mild and complacent is her air,—her tone
Of voice if yet it can be called her own ;
For she is Echo's sister ;—do you stir
From a too blazing fire, it scorches her !
Or do you close the sash in the saloon,
'The air is very keen this afternoon !'
Then as you shrink and shiver, so she shrinks,
Works when you work, and just as you think, thinks
So if you seek the gallery of St. Paul's,
And do but whisper to the circling walls,
The circling walls the whispered word renew,
And send it as their answer back to you !
Thus thro' her pleasures and her vanities,
Runs the same vocal echo in disguise.
Praise you a chandelier, or Indian fan,
Such has her Uncle Edward,—her Aunt Anne ;
Though, no doubt, more superb. 'A one horse chaise
Is a convenience,'—so her Father says :
'Flowers decorate a skreen ;' then you must know
Her Cousin Christopher's are painted so :
Have you a Silver Tea Urn ? Aunt Selina
Has one of the same pattern, somewhat finer :
You walk into the Park, admire the trees
Low waving in the morn or evening breeze,
Her cousin loves them too ; but most the oaks
Behind whose trunk a cottage chimney smokes !

She is good tempered,—that we must admit,
 The coldest sceptic could not question it !
 Else would not thus her tastes, opinions glide
 So smoothly with the current of your tide :
 Now what I love, and with no vain pretence,
 Is when good temper's tempered with good sense ;
 Sense that will blame a fault though friends applaud ;
 Censure a blemish though designed by Claude ;
 Admire in your despite a cap—peruke,—
 Though dressed by Trufit, or made up by Cooke.
 Thus, says Aspasia, Sir, despite your taste,
 So will I think,—so speak,—so wear my waist :
 But Miss Mimosa's is not of such kind,
 Her taste is variable as the wind ;
 So are her thoughts,—a flying shuttlecock,
 It comes to you,—you give it next a knock ;
 Diverse it flies from pillar struck to post,—
 From post to pillar till the stroke is lost ;
 Then down it drops, the last short impulse o'er,
 No longer echoing to the battledore.

These are her foibles, and we may esteem
 Her virtuous heart, howe'er severe we seem ;
 These at the most but raise a smile,—they may
 By sense be tempered, or with time decay,
 Till even the Satirist himself forget
 The fault at which his angry shaft was set !

J. W.

A COMPARISON.

BY THE REVEREND W. L. BOWLES.

THE mower sweeps his whistling blade,
 When green the meadow grows,
 The honey-cups and cowslips fade,
 All scattered as he goes.

So toiling time, as in despite,
 Of youth's delightful hours,
 Sweeps on, resistless in his might,
 And mows the fairest flowers.

I grieve not for the sweets that fade,
 Since he in whom I trust,
 Shall here protect with heavenly aid,
 And raise me from the dust.

THE LIVING POETS OF ENGLAND.—No. I.

WORDSWORTH.

It is now so generally admitted that the poetry of the present period is under the deepest obligation to the poet who has been most sedulously libelled and neglected, that, not only as a matter of right, but as a matter of course, we prefix the name of WORDSWORTH to the first paper of our intended series.

In the general sense of the term, Wordsworth's poetry has not been popular,—nay, notwithstanding the high and increasing estimation in which he is held by poetical minds, he is not popular even now. Like the master productions of painting and sculpture, his poems must be studied before they can be appreciated;—it might almost be added:—

And you must love them, ere to you
They will seem worthy of your love.

The trifler throws them aside because they do not afford any of the usual stimulants for vulgar curiosity, and because they require an exertion of the thinking faculties, which, even if able, he is unwilling to put forth. The pedant is disgusted, because the poet has exalted 'the lore which Nature brings,' and preferred 'her world of ready wealth to the barren leaves of art and science.' The man of the world despises Wordsworth's poetry, in the same manner, and for the same reasons, that diseased lungs cannot respire a northern atmosphere;—it is too severe, too ethereal, as Lord Byron happily says, too *difficult* an air. Lastly, the man whose talent is of that peculiar order which enables him to shine in the world, cannot cordially sympathize in compositions which invariably leave the sparkling surface for the silent depths of things; which lack the tumultuous excitement of exaggerated thought and feeling—ornament and expression; and which afford neither shrewd and caustic, nor witty and playful exposures of the vices and follies of the day. Not possessed themselves of that power of imagination which dares descend to the lowliest subjects, because, conscious that it can, at will, return to the loftiest—conscious also, that it can connect those lowly subjects with immortal truths, and invest them with imperishable grace, they shrink from the poet who says to them, without preface or apology:

'THE common growth of mother earth
Suffices me,—her tears, her mirth,
Her humblest mirth and tears.

The dragon's wing, the magic ring,
I shall not covet for my dower,
If I along that lowly way
With sympathetic heart may stray,
And with a soul of power.

These given, what more need I desire,
To stir—to soothe—or elevate?
What nobler marvels than the mind
May in life's daily prospects find,
May find or there create?'

Minor, and certainly influential reasons, may be assigned for the public neglect of Wordsworth; but the chief cause must be sought in the peculiarity of his genius. Even clever people may have unworthy ideas of the character and office of a poet, whilst the majority of readers, regarding poetry merely as the amusement of an idle hour, of course, prefer that which suits

the calibre of their own minds. This will not be poetry of the highest order, because the object of such poetry never is to *amuse*; other, than the highest order of readers, it will not even *interest*. Milton's *Lycidas*, and Wordsworth's *Laodamia*, (twin immortals) will, undoubtedly, have the same class of admirers, but it will not be that class who exceedingly admire *Lalla Rookh*, or the *Corsair*, allowing those poems all the merit they deserve. Again, those points in which Wordsworth has surpassed his compeers are not palpable to general observation; the marks of his superiority do not lie on the surface of his poetry. Those who take up his writings carelessly, perceive his child-like, or as they term it, childish simplicity, but they see nothing of the power underneath it. His poetry frequently resembles the lakes of his own country—the clearness deceives us as to the depth. There never was an instance of a poet having encountered, and in a great measure overcome, so many, and such dire opposing influences. He ran counter to the canons of criticism; he disallowed the claims of the writers, who at his first appearance governed Parnassus; and he was hailed by the critics with—‘behold this dreamer cometh,’—and by the poets with—‘we will not have this man to reign over us.’ But the head and front of his offending seems to have been, that he took no pains to conceal either his own consciousness of his own genius, or his contempt for the abuse which poured in upon him from all quarters. The buzzing of the flies did not hinder him from proceeding in his appointed path; he did not even stay to crush, he went on and left them behind. A man of less genius, and, consequently, of less moral nerve and sinew, would have been borne down, by the storm which beat round Wordsworth. He has triumphed;—for in true greatness there is a self-sufficing power which enables it at once to trample on opposition, and support itself without assistance. Inferior minds require praise, and sympathy, and encouragement, and if they have it not, they die;—but the mind of higher stamp stoops not to despair:—the butterfly and the flower perish in the storm that strengthens the eagle and the oak. Already has the illustrious poet begun to reap his reward—already has he gathered the first fruits of his future harvest of fame. Opprobrium and ridicule are now only heard as dying echoes; every year thins the ranks of his despisers, and adds to the number of his admirers—enthusiasts, we might say, for it is the proud peculiarity of his poetry to ‘haunt the soul like a passion.’ If less generally read, he is more quoted and stolen from than any other writer of the day; and of those who decry his genius, numbers tacitly admit his superiority, by feeding their own lamps with oil from his vessel. All who look even cursorily upon the state of literature previous to the appearance of his works, and contrast it with the spirit of literature at the present period, must admit, that he has exercised a strong, if a silent influence, over the minds of his fellows. There is a habit of thought—a style of expression—a choice of epithet and even subject—a something that can only be termed *Wordsworthian*, running like an under current through our prose and poetry. He has ‘troubled the waters,’ but he has troubled them like the angel visitant of old

Whose function was to heal and to restore,
To soothe and cleanse, not madden and pollute.

But it is more than time to turn to the poetry itself.

Wordsworth's grand peculiarity, that which sets him apart from, and seats him above all our other writers, is, that his genius is so intimately blended with, and modified by, an unswerving regard to the dignity and happiness of

man. All his minor peculiarities are the result of this primary one. Love, love of his kind is the philosophy of his poetry. Hence, his sympathy with the lowliest of God's creatures; his joy in all those objects which are fitted to minister to human happiness; his watchful anxiety to draw—

Even from things by sorrow wrought,
Matter for a jocund thought;

and hence his delight in exhibiting the fair and sunny side of whatsoever he touches or beholds. Upon Nature he looks with a lover's eye, and he paints her with a lover's fancy; whilst he regards man, and the course of human life, with a beneficence akin to what we might conceive of some superior and guardian intelligence. He delights not in unmitigated descriptions of guilt and misery; and while he puts forth sufficient power to kindle our sympathies, he exerts another to restrain them. There is scarcely one of his poems, whatsoever of sorrow, remorse, bitter remembrance of wrong, doubt, or apprehension, it may embody, that does not, at the close, exhibit some brighter shade, or redeeming touch, which alleviates our previous impression of pain, and leaves us to 'the milder grief of pity.' The poet's mind is essentially healthy, and to apply his own words to his own poetry, there is shed over it a

Mild dawn of promise that excludes
All profitless dejection.

It is not because he is blind to the darkness which obscures the worth and beauty of all below, but that he sees through that darkness traces of our divine origin; and prefers looking towards the period of final renovation, to brooding over present and irremediable ills. Occasionally he bursts forth into burning indignation against the baser part of our nature; but the harsh strain quickly dies away; his imagination flies back to its native heights, there to expatiate, in 'ampler ether and diviner air.' Thus he himself speaks:

Noise is there not enough in doleful war,
But that the heaven-born poet must stand forth,
And lend the echoes of his sacred shell,
To multiply and aggravate the din?
Pangs are there not enough in hopeless love,
And, in requited passion, all too much
Of turbulence, anxiety, and fear,—
But that the Minstrel of the rural shade
Must tune his pipe, insidiously to nurse
The perturbation in the suffering breast,
And propagate its kind, where'er he may?

Of Truth, of Grandeur, Beauty, Love, and Hope—
And melancholy Fear subdued by Faith;
Of blessed consolations in distress;
Of moral strength, and intellectual power;
Of joy in widest commonalty spread;
Of the individual Mind that keeps her own
Inviolable retirement, subject there
To Conscience only, and the laws supreme
Of that Intelligence which governs all;
I sing.

In this same spirit he portrays natural and inanimate objects; they too must exult in the open sunshine of God's love; meadow, grove, and stream be apparelled in celestial light. The meanest thing that lives is made to receive, and to reflect back human sympathy; Nature becomes the

gentlest of mothers, the most efficient of teachers; and all her works prompt us to love and gentle charity. To adduce a few instances of what we mean: he thus speaks of a river:

And yet how fair the rural scene!
For thou, O Clyde, hast ever been
Beneficent as strong;
Pleased in refreshing dews to steep
The little trembling flowers that peep
Thy shelving rocks among.

Again, in the fable of the Oak and the Broom, the latter thus replies to the taunts of its mighty companion:

The Butterfly, all green and gold,
To me hath often flown,
Here in my blossoms to behold
Wings lovely as his own.
When grass is chill with rain or dew,
Beneath my shade, the mother Ewe
Lies with her infant Lamb; I see
The love they to each other make,
And the sweet joy, which they partake,
It is a joy to me.

And again, where the Wanderer speaks of the forsaken spring;

Beside yon Spring I stood,
And eyed its waters till we seemed to feel
One sadness, they and I. For them a bond
Of brotherhood is broken; time has been
When, every day, the touch of human hand
Dislodged the natural sleep that binds them up
In mortal stillness; and they ministered
To human comfort.

The marvellous and supernatural do not come under Wordsworth's class of subjects; nevertheless, in the two solitary instances wherein he has approached them, we have the same transfer and infusion of the mild spirit of Humanity. Witness

The strength of feeling, great
Above all human estimate,

attributed to the White Doe; the meek and beauteous partner of her mistress's solitude and sorrow. In the Fragment of the Danish Boy, only the closing passage bears upon the point in question, but the foregoing description of the shadowy visitant is so exquisitely *fancied*, that we cannot resist the temptation of giving, at least, a portion of it:

A spirit of noon-day is he,
He seems a Form of flesh and blood;
Nor piping Shepherd shall he be,
Nor Herd-boy of the wood.
A regal vest of fur he wears,
In colour like a raven's wing;
It fears not rain, nor wind, nor dew;
But in the storm 'tis fresh and blue
As budding pines in spring;
His helmet has a vernal grace,
Fresh as the bloom upon his face.

A harp is from his shoulder slung;
He rests the harp upon his knee;
And there in a forgotten tongue
He warbles melody.

Of flocks upon the neighbouring hills
He is the darling and the joy :
 And often, when no cause appears,
 The mountain ponies prick their ears,
 —They hear the Danish Boy,
 While in the dell he sits alone
 Beside the tree and corner stone.

There sits he : in his face you spy
No trace of a ferocious air,
 Nor ever was a cloudless sky
 So steady or so fair.
 The lovely Danish boy is blest,
 And happy in his flowery cove :
From bloody deeds his thoughts are far ;
And yet he warbles songs of war,
That seem like songs of love,
 For calm and gentle is his mien ;
 Like a dead boy he is serene.

Another of Wordsworth's peculiar excellencies, and one that has been rarely, if ever noticed, is his high standard of the female character ; he has indeed shewn us

How *divine* a thing
 A Woman may be made.

He has paid the sex fewer compliments than any other poet, yet has he done them more justice. He has not portrayed heroines of romance, but *real* women ; such women as men might be proud to own as wives and daughters, such as are to be found in the daily course of life. Wordsworth never plays auctioneer to female beauty, as though an enumeration of features were an equivalent to a sketch of character ; his females are creatures of the heart, not the eye. He treats the sex more like a father than a lover ; he neither exaggerates their weakness nor their worth, nor does he ever outrage feminine feeling, by disgusting alternations of levity and adoration. In a word, he invariably speaks of women in print, like a man who respects them in real life ; like one whose heart has long anchored in the still depths of female tenderness. Yet his heroines, though

Creatures not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food,—
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles,—

are by no means homely and uninteresting ; however lowly their lot, there is about them all ' a seemliness complete.' They, like his other pictures, are combinations of health, truth, and cheerfulness. He seldom asks our sympathies for ' young pale girls,'—still less frequently for broken hearts and untimely graves ; yet the following passage will prove that he can make even this worn-out string discourse excellent music :—

If mild discourse and manners that conferred
 A natural dignity on humblest rank ;
 If gladsome spirits, and benignant looks,
 That for a face not beautiful, did more
 Than beauty for the fairest face can do ;
 And if religious tenderness of heart,
 Grieving for sin, and penitential tears
 Shed when the clouds had gathered and distained
 The spotless ether of a maiden life ;
 If these may make a hallowed spot of earth
 More holy in the sight of God or Man ;
 Then, on that mold, a sanctity shall brood,
 Till the stars sicken at the day of doom.

How strikingly different is this from the love catastrophes in general! But here is a contrast, a perfectly radiant portrait, a being of gay delight and meditative feeling, a perfectly original union of qualities, and yet a union to be realized—

She shall be sportive as the Fawn
That, wild with glee, across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;
And her's shall be the breathing balm,
And her's the silence and the calm.
Of mute insensate things.

We could easily form a gallery of female characters out of Wordsworth's poems; but, at present, we must give only one other portrait, as fine a contrast to the last, as that was to the preceding one:—

Many a passenger
Hath blessed poor Margaret for her gentle looks,
When she upheld the cool refreshment drawn
From that forsaken spring; and no one came
But he was welcome; no one went away
But that it seemed she loved him.
She was a woman of a steady mind,
Tender and deep in her excess of love,
Not speaking much, pleased rather with the joy
Of her own thoughts: by some especial care
Her temper had been framed, as if to make
A Being—who by adding love to peace
Might live on earth a life of happiness.

Akin to his portraiture of the female character, is his treatment of the passion of love. He makes it the sweetening influence, not the engrossing business of life,—a principle that it is to sustain and elevate the soul, to strengthen, not enervate its powers of endurance and self-government; rarely therefore does he describe the passion as driven to excess, or terminating in guilt and misery. He is the very antipodes of an amatory poet;

The *depth* and not the *tumult* of the soul

is most in unison with his feelings; and to his love-poetry might be applied his own line in 'Laodamia,' descriptive of the world of spirits—

Calm pleasures there abide—majestic pains.

But admitting that the serenity of his genius somewhat unfits him for describing the early stages of love, or the enthusiasm of youthful lovers, in his delineations of filial, maternal, or conjugal affection, he is unrivalled. It would be injustice to the matchless poems now in our mind's eye to give any patchwork extracts. Let the reader who may happen to be unacquainted with them, turn to the episodes of 'Margaret' and 'Ellen,' in the first and sixth books of the *Excursion*; and, amongst the miscellaneous poems, to 'Laodamia,' 'The affliction of Margaret,' 'The Brothers,' and 'Michael.' For the present we must desist—we have far exceeded our limits, and must defer till next month our concluding remarks on this subject.

REMEMBER ME.

Air.—MOZART.

I.

REMEMBER me when summer friends surround thee,
 And honied flatteries win thy willing ear ;
 When Fame, and Fortune glittering wreaths have crowned thee,
 And all is thine thy fickle heart holds dear.
 Then think of her whose changeless fondness blessed thee,
 When hope was dark and faithful friends were few,
 Who, when hard, griping poverty depressed thee,
 And all beside seemed cold, was kind and true.

II.

Remember me in courtly hall and bower,
 And when thou kneel'st at some proud beauty's shrine,
 Ask of the past, if through life's varying hour,
 Its joys, and griefs, her love can rival mine !
 And when thy youthful hopes are most excited,
 Should she prove false and break her faith like thee,
 Think of the hopes thy wayward love hath blighted,
 And from that lesson learn to feel for me !

III.

Remember me, and oh ! when fate hath 'reft thee,
 Of fame and fortune, friends, and love, and bliss,
 Come back to one, thou know'st would ne'er have left thee,
 And she'll but chide thy falsehood with a kiss !
 But no, no, no, I feel that life is waning,—
 That what I was I never more can be ;—
 That I am fast on that sweet haven gaining,
 Where there is rest for even a wretch like me.

V.

Remember me ! thou canst not sure refuse me
 The only boon from thee I've sought, or seek ;
 Soon will the world with bitter taunts accuse me,
 Yet wake no blushes on my bloodless cheek !
 But I would have thee tender to my fame,
 When I have 'scaped life's dark tumultuous sea ;
 And, howsoever unkind spirits blame,
 As what thou know'st I was REMEMBER ME !

A. A. W.

THE VILLAGE DISPENSARY.

THE hour is come, the Leech is in his chair,
 Throw wide the doors, and bid the first come in,
 It is Dispensary day ! The narrow hall
 Is thronged as was Bethesda's strand of yore,
 With sufferers of every kind and ailment ;
 Young, old, lame, blind, female and male, all met,
 Prescient of succour, brooding o'er their woes,

And conning how they best may paint their pains.
 With skilful air and aspect sharp, the Leech
 Takes up his pen, turns o'er a book, and studies.
 The first approaches with an awkward bow,
 Letter in hand of printed warranty,
 Signed by Subscriber, setting forth name, age,
 And each *et cetera*. 'How now, Goodman Roger!
 'And is it you? Why, what ails you old heart?'
 'Pains in the back, an' please you.' 'Is it so?'
 'You have a family—a large one?' 'Yes!'
 'And used to labour?' 'Ay, from morn till night.'
 'Fond of strong beer, too?' 'Mainly drink three quarts.'
 'Marry! I wonder not then at your pains;
 'But take you this; an' it stir not your ribs,
 'Why then there is no virtue left in rhubarb.
 'Begone! and see me our next public day.
 'Come—for the next. Who's here? Eh, damsel Alice,
 'And not well yet? 'No, Sir, my old complaints,
 'Tremblings, heart-burnings, want of sleep at night,
 'Failure of appetite, and loss of spirits.'
 'Turn round your face; why, ay, thou lookest pale;
 'Hast thou a sweetheart?' 'La, Sir!' 'Nay, confess it.'
 'There's Harry.' 'Ay, he keeps your company,
 'Does he not?' 'Yes.' 'Then marry, and be well.'
 'Eh, more! Come, mother, tell me *your* complaint;
 'Illness, No doubt.' 'I've had the Poticar.'
 'Ay, and grew worse.' 'He gave me store of drugs,
 'And when my gold was gone'—'He sent you here.'
 'Just so.' 'It is their customary wont;
 'They deluge you with drugs to drain your purse;
 'They find you ailing, and they make you ill,
 'Then all their study is to keep you so;
 'Until your veins and stores be emptied out;
 'Bloodless your body,—pennyless your pocket,—
 'Which wrought, they send you for our gratis aid,
 'And leave us to undo what they have done.
 'So will it ever be, while they have sufferance
 'To act the Leech's part who are his servants.
 'They needs must 'vend their drugs' and make occasion
 'For their expenditure,—'tis their only gain.
 'Why do not our grave lawgivers ordain
 'These traders to their place;—their gallipots,
 'Their drugs, their philtres, and their pharmacy?
 'Nor let them traffic thus with life and health,
 'Marring their practice who could else mar them.
 'Begone! Take no more physic, make good meals,
 'Keep yourself warm, live temperately, duly
 'Avoid the 'Poticar',—then soon you'll want
 'No aid but what the cupboard can afford.
 'Shut to the doors, I'll hear no more to day;
 '"Throw physic to the dogs,—for I am sick on't."

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

His sword and plume are on his pall,—
 The muffled drum beats drear and deep,—
 And gathering tears are seen to fall
 From warriors' eyes unused to weep.

They lay him in his dreamless bed,—
 The banners droop above the brave ;
 The requiem of the glorious dead
 Thrice rolls in thunder o'er his grave.

How sound his sleep !—his battles o'er,
 Life's fitful fever passed away,
 Where sounds of war are heard no more,
 And trump and drum are mute for aye.

While buried grandeur cannot buy
 One mourner o'er its lonely bier,
 His name shall breathe in beauty's sigh,—
 His memory brighten in her tear !

'Twill steal upon the festal train
 The voice of reckless mirth to quell ;
 And wake in music's melting strain,
 Whose accents weep so wildly well.

But to the lorn and widowed heart
 Can thoughts like these a balm instil,—
 Can glory's voice a charm impart
 To lull—to soothe its cureless ill ?

They'll bid her try to think no more
 On days and dreams for ever fled,—
 They'll say that tears can ne'er restore
 The loved—the lost—the silent dead.

But when was sorrow known to woo
 The themes that make its pangs the less ;—
 Or what have broken hearts to do
 With cold and dull forgetfulness ?

Or how should e'er the source of woe
 Prove solace to the bosom's pain ?—
 The silent tear must ever flow,
 Because, alas ! it flows in vain.

J. M.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

No, 'twere idle to say that a daughter of heaven
 In her wanderings had startled my sight,
 Though the lustre of loveliness nature has given
 Might bespeak thee a creature of light :
 In the slumber of Fancy, the spirit reposing,
 Might have dreamed that such beauty might be ;
 But I thought not to meet, all its sweetness disclosing,
 That radiance of beauty in thee !
 As the Persian bends low when the sun-beams arise,
 As he bends when day's brightness is o'er,

Yet scarce knows what it is that illumines the skies,
So I to the girl I adore !

I knew thee not, lovely one,—knew not thy name,—
Where the home thou adornest might be ;
But I knew that my heart was no longer the same,—
And I knew that the cause was in thee !

I will fancy a name, whose sweet sound shall combine
Some part of each charm that thou hast,
The softness that beams from those loved eyes of thine
And lives when their glances are past :
The essence of music that dwells in thy voice,
With that name, too, enwoven should be,
And love when 'twas whispered should fondly rejoice,
Because 'twas expressive of thee !

On my spirit the memory dwells of the hour
When I met thee, as fair as the dew,
The dew that not solely can brighten the flower,
But refresh it and purify too ;
So the soul by the beam of thy loveliness warmed,
May not stoop meaner objects to see,
But devotes all its thoughts to the image that charmed,
And grows nearer to heaven and to thee !

T. M.

THE SENSES.

BY MRS. HENRY ROLLS.

How lovely in the glowing west
Appears yon rich declining gleams,
As, sinking bright on Ocean's breast
Is poured that deep broad golden beam !

How soft, at twilight's closing hour,
The wood-lark's sweetly melting lay,
Low whispering through the birchen bower,
The last farewell to parting day !

How sweet the sigh young Zephyr breathes,
As through the woodland dell he flies ;
Where, as around the Oak she wreathes,
The Woodbine with the Violet vies !

How rich the purple clusters shew,
In fair Iberia's scorching clime ;
When heighten'd seems the luscious glow,
By noon-tide's fiercely burning prime !

But lovelier far than Evening's ray,
More sweet than Zephyr's sweetest sigh,
More thrilling than the wood-lark's lay,
More tempting than the fruit's rich dye,

Appears the lip that long has blest,
But never hoped to bless again ;
When scarce each fondly meeting breast
Can whisper all its lonely pain ;

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

J. H. WIFFEN, ESQ.

WHY stirs my heart? was it thy voice, my love,
 That stole into my ear like music dying
 In the dim vale, or was it but the dove
 Answering the nightingale, or zephyrs sighing
 Through the sweet woodbines? Whatsoe'er the noise,
 It discomposed my joys.

I dreamt that we were sailing to a shore
 Happier by far than this; that living breath
 Inspired our bark, which, without sail or oar,
 Winged the blue wave: passed were the gates of death,
 And I, reclining in thy blest embrace,
 Looked upwards on thy face.

I asked why when on earth thou hadst so oft
 Checked my fond passion with an air austere
 Resembling wrath; and with a voice more soft
 Than lute or zephyr thou mad'st answer—"Fear;
 Lest my changed eyes should speak of passion too!"
 Oh! tell me, dreamt I true?

THE FEMALE SPLENETIC.

THERE are a thousand ways of being disagreeable, and of being so with full effect; but we will suppose our present proficient in the "art of ingeniously tormenting" to be a married woman, and newly married, in order to account for the undue attention paid to her caprices.

After innumerable objections and delays on the part of this privileged tormentor, imagine a "Rural Excursion" planned, and the party formed; the latter consisting of the obsequious husband, his much enduring sister, and the bride's-maid, and groom's-man, who are lovers for the time being. The simple minded reader may fancy, too, that out of such harmonious materials it would be difficult to manufacture discord; alas! "full little doth he know that hath not tried,"—or rather *been* tried! On the eventful morning, when every thing is in its "gayest, happiest attitude," and the expectations of the whole party are as highly raised as their spirits, their evil genius comes down to breakfast with an intolerable head-ache, (a gentleman's pain when he is jealous, and a lady's whenever she wants an excuse for an ill humour), sympathy—*eau de Cologne*, even *eau de vie*—are applied in vain;—the head-ache is obstinate,—but the lady "will not deprive others of pleasure," the carriages are ordered to the door,—and with an air of martyr-like resignation, she takes her seat in the chaise between her husband and sister-in-law. The unmarried pair follow in a Gig, When a short time has elapsed, and the lovers are deeply engrossed in interesting conversation, the tormentor discovers that the noise of the carriage wheels increases her head-ache;—that riding with the windows up makes her sick, and that riding with them down gives her a pain in her face. She accordingly displaces the bride's maid, but has, of course, an insurmountable dread of her husband's driving. This new arrangement and division of companions, having sufficiently damped the general spirit of enjoyment, by the time the party arrive at the place of destination, matters are in ad-

mirable training for the vagaries of the unhappy heroine. If the scenery is characterised by wild grandeur, she is warm in praise of a flat and fertile country;—if she is called upon to admire a picturesque ruin, she either eulogises some modern mansion, or is insufferable in her recollections of a finer relic a hundred miles off. If the object of interest is a nobleman's park, she has either "no taste for the beauties of nature," or, her pleasures are of "a social and domestic character;" if a magnificent collection of pictures is submitted to her inspection, she regrets her inability to see the value of "coloured canvas," or meekly declares that *she* has no genius,—plain common sense suffices *her*;" and so on throughout the regular vocabulary of spiteful inuendo. If by chance she does admire any thing, it is invariably what the rest of the party declare to be worthless, while the things they approve are in her sight perfectly execrable. The only objects she wishes to see are either those which her companions have seen before, or have no curiosity to see at all.

But dinner is our heroine's hour of triumph. That every single dish should be badly cooked is a matter of course,—“this is of no consequence to *her*,—*she* is not nice, thank God!—a crust is sufficient—but she does think *some one* need not have ordered the two things she so particularly detests:”—it may be that on this occasion “some *un-natural* tears she sheds,” the obnoxious viands (sure to be the greatest delicacies at table) are removed, and harmony is restored. Alas! no such luck;—a complete damp has been thrown over the party;—conversation languishes;—on the husband's brow is a frown, caused by, and correspondent with, that on his lady's—the lovers sigh over the past, and the unfortunate sister dreads the future! Should the weather prove cloudy, the lady-wife is vehement in her regrets that some other day had not been chosen, and becomes poetical in her descriptions of parties of pleasure in which she bore a part—“before she was married.” This clause is followed by a sigh, intended for her lord's; private hearing. Should, however, the weather, scenery, and dinner be obstinately *comme il faut*, as a last resource, her morning head-ache returns with redoubled violence: she cannot stir—she dare not be left alone—if the lovers effect their escape from the scene of torment, the sister and the husband must remain behind, and fail, even then, in alleviating either her fancied pain, or real pettishness. If they converse with each other, the “noise goes through her head,”—if silent, they take “no pains to amuse her,”—if the gentleman laughs, “he has no feeling,”—if he looks serious, “he makes her low spirited,”—and thus she goes on through an interminable *et-cetera* of complaints.

The ride home is in character,—she is suddenly seized with fears lest her bride's maid should take cold in the night air, and insists on the gentlemen occupying the gig, and enjoying the moonlight ride together. She, herself, either falls asleep, or maintains a sulky silence, broken at intervals by grievous sighs,—but the probability is, that, arrived at home, the time of tormenting being expired, her spirits and good humour return, and she suddenly discovers that there was beauty and delight in the very objects which, at the time, she pronounced “flat, stale, and unprofitable!” Thus to dissent—to disapprove—to contradict—are sure means of spoiling a party of pleasure,—methods too of such easy practice, that neither wit nor wisdom, mind nor manner, are requisite; in short, nothing more than a tolerable stock of SELFISHNESS and ILL HUMOUR! M.

RICHARD DE ROSSAYNE ;

OR, THE GOLDEN HELMET.

THE moon was shining brightly over the track of country between Basel and Hohenelms, as a solitary knight pricked his steed by the banks of the lordly and glittering Rhine. The plain was lit with soft showers of light, and the dark woods from which the warrior had just emerged, were fringed with the same illumination, which rested like a radiant crown on the summit of its profound masses of foliage. Few stars were discernible, so completely was their faint twinkling overpowered by the flood of radiance that streamed from the full-orbed planet.

Sound there was none, save the rushing of the mighty waters, and the leisurely tramp of the knight's steed, as slackening the reins he suffered it to abate its speed. It was midnight, and he bethought him of his lady love, whose straw-coloured scarf was bound over his left shoulder, and whose glove, of the same colour, was attached to the saliant lion that crested his helmet.

The horseman was, apparently, a man of might. His height appeared to be somewhat above the common standard, an impression strengthened by the lofty plume of sable feathers that waved and nodded on his morion. His frame was athletic, and strongly set, and fitted to bear the weight of his heavy black armour. His steed was a dark chesnut, and as it paced along seemed by its motions to be conscious of the dignity of its rider.

The knight gazed on the moon; the same moon was beaming on the bower of his lady in a far distant country. How quicker than the moon-beam's course were his thoughts transferred to happy England, to the land of his love! The graceful form, the countenance, whose lineaments were all his own, the waving tresses, and the eye whose smile was more than bright, because it, too, was his; as the warrior thought of these things his head declined for a moment upon his breast, and once he sighed; but the next moment his heart was stirred with a noble ambition to render himself worthy of so glorious a prize. He put spurs to his horse, and sought in rapid motion a relief from overcharged feeling.

When next he slackened his pace, the scene was lovelier than before. He stood by the lake of Constance. Here, were its placid waters with which the mighty river was for ever mingling; there, were the mist-enshrouded mountains of Switzerland; behind him, the territory he had passed, and before him, a verdant plain, bounded by woods. One artificial object only appeared amid these works of nature.

This was a lofty and solitary tower, raising its black outline on the southern extremity of the plain. It was unsheltered by trees, and had a bleak and spectral aspect. Our knight was inclined to visit it. Should its keeper be of gentle sort, he might obtain rest, food, and lodging; things to which even knights were under the necessity of paying occasional attention. If the castellan were a churl, there would, at least, be an opportunity for an adventure; and what stronger inducement could a knight desire? He turned his horse's head in the direction of the tower, but forthwith stayed the rein, observing by his side a tall figure, clothed in the habit of a palmer.

'Ha! who art thou?'

'My dress may tell you, sir knight; a poor palmer from the Holy Land.'

'But whence camest thou on the instant—I saw thee not till now?'

'That may be, worshipful sir; I followed you.'

'Followed me; and my horse at its full speed; thy pace must have been rapid.'

'It was indeed.'

'Well, enough; no matter to me who thou art, or whence thou comest. Is this country known to thee?'

'I know it well; there are few I do not know.'

'Thou canst tell me, then, perchance, to whom yon sulky looking tower belongs?'

'Herman Schwartz; a rich baron and a good lance.'

'There needeth not more; here is largess for thine intelligence.'

'Stay, sir knight; I am myself bound thither, and will conduct you, for the road is not very accessible to strangers.'

Though the knight did not refuse the palmer's proffered guidance, yet he felt he knew not why, that he would willingly have dispensed with it. There was something in his laconic mode of expression, in his dry decided tone, that he relished not. There was something strange, too, to say the least of it, in the manner of their meeting. The countenance of his companion, the knight had not been able to catch a glimpse of. Notwithstanding all this, they had not proceeded far ere he again addressed him.

'How is it that this Herman, whom thou callest rich, lives in a single tower more fit for a marauding freebooter than a knight of worship, as thou reportest him?'

'He that guards a treasure, if he be wise, will not place it on the top of a hill to be a temptation to all who may behold it. Herman Schwartz has a daughter, said to be the fairest of her sex!'

'I deny it,' exclaimed the knight, 'the fairest of womankind is far away in my own England, where she thinks of her true knight, whose lance shall maintain her beauty's supremacy.'

'Or of his deputy, perchance.'

'How; what is thy meaning?'

'Only with your pardon, worshipful sir, that it may be that your lady may listen during your absence to some other knight, whose talk may while away the time until your return.'

'Silence! blasphemer,' and the knight as he spoke aimed a blow at the palmer with the butt end of his lance, which, had it taken effect, would probably, have been followed by a tolerably complete prostration. But the palmer dived under the horse's belly, and stood unharmed on the other side.

The knight laughed. 'It is well for thee that thy supple joints can thus enable thee to escape the effects of thy saucy tongue. But, come along, and be cautious how thou meddlest with such subjects again.'

'There is a trifling remark which I would fain be allowed to make.'

'Speak, what is it!'

'The knight who may visit Herman's tower, and behold his lovely daughter, may learn that there are more than one pair of eyes worthy of worship.'

'Never, palmer, never. May my helmet be wanting in the battle, when I prove false, for a moment, either in thought or deed, to her to whom I have sworn fidelity.'

'Amen' quoth the palmer, and they proceeded.

It was not long ere they arrived at a thick though small wood that stood between them and the building of which they were in quest. The palmer took upon himself the office of guide, and threading a narrow and dark defile, was followed by the knight. The wood cleared, they stood on a

small plain, at the extremity of which was a deep moat, crossed by a draw-bridge. On one of the outer posts of the bridge hung a horn.

'Will thy lungs serve us here palmer,' said the knight, 'if not, hand me the horn.'

The palmer made no reply, but placing the instrument to his mouth, made every echo about the plain babble again and again with the blast he produced.

A voice from the other side of the moat demanded of them their business, in terms that would not have discredited Stentor himself.

'Say,' replied the knight 'to the valiant Herman Schwartz, that an English knight, Richard of Rossayne, desires to trespass on his hospitality for a few hours.'

'Add, that the palmer Piers Heymel also awaits his pleasure,' said the knight's companion.

A minute had scarcely elapsed when the answer came.

'Herman Schwartz, the lord of this castle greets the English knight, and entreats him to honour with his company the poor house he has visited. The presence of the palmer is likewise desired.'

As the messenger spake, the chains of the draw-bridge relaxed, and suffered their burthen to descend. Richard and his companion crossed it, and were ushered by a seneschal into the tower.

The knight was introduced to a lofty and spacious chamber, at the entrance of which he was received by Herman Schwartz. The accustomed courtesies having been mutually exchanged, Rossayne took the seat to which his host conducted him at the board, which, though it was an hour past midnight, was but just spread for the baron's evening repast. Besides himself and Herman, there were three knights at the table, and several personages of an inferior rank, all seemingly military retainers, who sat at the lower end of the board.

The apartment was furnished in a style of mingled rudeness and magnificence, not uncommon to the country and the age. The rich tapestry with which the walls were hung, shook with the wind that obtained, through various crannies, admission into the room. The guests sat upon huge benches of blackened oak. The ponderous table was of the same material, but was covered with a highly embroidered cloth, and laden with massy plate. The floor was strewn with rushes, and the ceiling consisted of enormous masses of bare stone laid transversely from wall to wall.

The feast was ample, the wines rich and plentiful, the host courteous, and the knights as they related the history of their chivalrous exploits, grew gay and joyous.

'And now,' said their host, 'let each man drink to his own lady love; fill to the brim worthy sirs.' The goblets were filled to overflowing.

'Amice Grey,' said Rossayne.

'Gertrude Rosenberg,' exclaimed the knight who sat opposite.

'Isabel de Lyons,' shouted the third.

'I drink to all your ladies,' said Schwartz, and continuing as they replaced their cups, 'I am a widowed knight, and have no true love to drink to. But there is yet a damsel in this tower, to whom if your courtesies will so far favour her, we will fill a cup, Rosaline Schwartz, my daughter.'

'Most willingly,' replied Rossayne, and they drank accordingly.

'Nay, I must trespass yet further,' said Schwartz. 'It is the custom

here, for every stranger who enters the walls of the Stein Hauss, (so is my tower entitled), to acknowledge the supremacy in beauty of the lady Rosaline over all others, or else, but what say you to this Sir Richard ?

‘ I may not make such acknowledgments without exception ; I may not admit any inferiority in her whose colours I wear.’

‘ Our custom admits an alternative ; you must then do battle with me as the lord of the tower, either with the arms of enmity, or of courtesy.’

‘ I accept your alternative, and will most joyfully join in a trial of our skill, with a blunt lance, or if it better please you with a sharp one.’

‘ Now in truth,’ replied Schwartz, I am by no means a lover of needless war, nor do I choose to put my body in jeopardy, when I may as well remain skin-whole ; and so I vote for the blunt lance ; and now, sirs, the night cup is filled.’

They drank and rose to depart to rest. The host himself, conducted Rossayne to his chamber, and wished him a good night and pleasant dreams.

The wish, with whatever sincerity it might have been expressed, was not fated to be realized. Though his accommodations were as good as the manners of the age allowed, Rossayne tumbled to and fro on his couch, now watching the uncertain light of the wood fire that burned upon the hearth, and now vainly essaying to win sleep to his eyes. At last he slept, but his slumbers were broken and uneasy. His dreams were filled with strange phantasms. Sometimes he was in the tilt yard unhorsed before the lance of Herman Schwartz, and sometimes he was transformed into the shapes of various wild beasts. Morning came at last, and Rossayne awoke from his unrefreshing slumbers.

The first sound that met his ear was that of the workmen who were engaged in preparing the list for his amicable contest with his host. He looked from the window of his chamber, and saw them toiling at their work. The plain on which the combat was to take place, was bounded by a line of larch trees, beyond which lay the hills and vallies of Switzerland, clad in a grey mist, which was rapidly breaking before the influence of the morning sun. The knight thought of his own land ; then of his lady, and then of the conquest he hoped that day to gain in honour of her name.

When he descended to the hall below, whither he was summoned by a greyheaded retainer, who came to offer his services at the guest’s toilet, he found his companions of the preceding night already assembled.

The board was spread, not with the unsubstantial articles with which modern tables are wont to be furnished, but with provender fit for men whose lives were devoted to the exercise of military achievements. Huge chines of beef, boar’s brawn, the fowls of the air, and the fish from the lake offered their seductions, while draughts of mead and spiced liquors were at hand to wash down the savoury morsels.

The knight looked around the apartment, perhaps in expectation of seeing the fair one of the castle, the sovereignty of whose charms he had refused to acknowledge. But she was not there, and the meal concluded without his seeing any female form whom he might suppose to be the daughter of Herman.

At length they were informed, that all was ready for the combat. The host looked at Rossayne, who signified that he was prepared to attend him. Both retired to fit on their armour, and both returned to the hall fully armed, excepting that their helmets were carried by their attendants.

They arrived at the ground, where their steeds awaited them. On one side of the lists, on a seat elevated on a platform, sat a lady, whom Rossayne immediately concluded to be Rosaline Schwartz.

'Shall I make you known,' said Schwartz, 'to my daughter? perhaps your opinion of her charms may change, and you may confess that—you shake your head; well, I would not seduce any true knight from his allegiance, however, you must see and speak to her.'

'Most willingly,' replied Rossayne, and he accompanied Herman accordingly to the foot of the platform. He raised his eyes to the lady as her father introduced him, as the knight who denied her charms. How he belied him! He gazed with admiration on the lovely being before him, who sat pale and trembling with apprehension for her parent, with eyes averted from him who was the cause of her confusion. Alas! for a moment Rossayne forgot England, and inwardly bowed to a new idol. When he returned to his station in the lists, his helmet, which, out of respect to the lady, he had left behind him, was gone.

An immediate search was instituted; the wrath of Herman Schwartz was vehement when he learned that a part of his guest's furniture was missing, and he loudly threatened his attendants with pains and penalties unnumbered, unless the helmet was forthcoming. But all search after it was vain.

At this conjuncture the palmer suddenly stepped forward, and addressed himself in a low tone to Rossayne.

'Here is a helmet richer than yours by far, promise not to part with it to any one whom it will not fit, and it is your's.'

He held in his hand a beautiful helmet of polished gold, the workmanship of which surpassed all that Rossayne had ever beheld.

'Give me the helmet,' he answered, 'thy condition is light enough. I promise what thou requirest,' and, buckling on the head-piece, he sprung on his steed, and placed his lance in the rest.

A wild flourish of trumpets was succeeded by the signal of encounter given by the two knights who had been Rossayne's companions the preceding evening, and who now discharged the duty of marshals of the lists. This sign was followed by the rushing tramp of horses, by the crashing of the shivered lances, and the clang of the armour of the combatants. The knights met in full career, and Rossayne, horseman and horse, lay prostrate on the earth.

The English Knight when raised from the ground was senseless, but recovered on the removal of his armour. To the entreaties of his host and conqueror, that he would for some time continue his guest, he turned a deaf ear; and burning with shame and disappointment, rode hastily away.

Sad were his reflections as he journeyed along. He, who until that day had been a knight *sans reproche*, and had never unsuccessfully armed his lance in honour of his lady, had by a momentary failure from his allegiance, for to that he imputed all his misfortunes, been overthrown and disgraced. 'I did well,' said he, 'to boast to that chattering palmer, who knew me, it seems, better than I did myself of my faith; craven knight, thou deservest not only to lose thy helmet, but to have thy shield reversed, and thy spurs hacked off, who could'st even in thought be false to her to whom thy arm and heart were vowed.'

With such soliloquies did Rossayne entertain himself as he rode on, he knew nor cared whither so he might escape from the scene of his discomfiture. For a year and a day he pursued his travels, meeting with many

adventures, and unsuccessful in all. His spirit almost broke down under these reverses of fortune, yet still he persevered and looked on his mishaps in some degree as so many expiations for his treason to his liege love. When a year and a day were passed, he found himself once more by the lake of Constance.

He viewed its lovely waters with a melancholy foreboding, and looking around saw in the distance the Stein Hauss, the first scene of his misfortunes. He bethought him how constantly since he had accepted the helmet he wore, mischance had pursued him. Under a sudden feeling of indignation he unfastened it from his head, and with the utmost exertion of his strength, flung it far into the peaceful waters. This done he once more rode away.

A grassy hillock, overhung with delicious shrubs, afforded him a resting-place for that night. But his amazement was equal to his grief, when, on awaking in the morning, he found lying close beside him the mysterious helmet.

'I have yet one remedy,' thought he, 'I am at liberty to part with it to any whom it will fit. To find some such one cannot surely be a matter of much difficulty. I will try.' So saying, he adjusted his armour, and mounting his horse, departed in quest of some one upon whom he might bestow the gift, which to him had been so fatal.

He was not long in finding one who was sufficiently willing to become the owner of the beautiful hemlet. Would it fit him? was then the question. It seemed it would. But no sooner was the trial made than the helmet sank over the head of its intended possessor. It was manifest that thus to bestow it would be no performance of the condition, and the knight again rode on fretting and fuming, and devoured with chagrin at the evil issue of his first trial.

Often did he repeat the experiment, and as often unsuccessfully. For one the helmet was too large, for another it was too small. Search where he would he could find no one whose head it would fit. Wearied with disappointment, he resigned himself to his fate, and considering himself destined to the perpetual ownership of the fatal helmet, renewed his quest of military adventures, though with little hope of deriving fame from his unfortunate efforts.

It chanced that one day he encountered a knight whom he instantly recognized as his sworn brother in arms, and joyfully greeted as such. But though his visor was unclosed, and his countenance thus exposed to view, he was surprised to receive no corresponding acknowledgement. So far from it, the knight after examining the device on Rossayne's shield, demanded eagerly who he was, and why he bore that shield?

'I am Richard of Rossayne, as thou knowest full well—Saint Mary! I conceive thy wits have deserted thee Robert Wainford, that thou askest that question.'

'Thou, Richard of Rossayne! thou my companion in arms; the jetty sable differs not more from the noble ermine than thou from the good knight whose armour thou bearest. Recreant! thou hast overcome him by treachery, and stolen his steed and accoutrements; prepare thee for battle.—Speak not—I defy thee as a coward and traitor. Speed—I brook not delay!'

'Stay, Robert, I—'

'Peace I tell thee; take thy lance.'

Remonstrance was vain, and Rossayne marvelling much at this strange misconception, addressed himself to the fight. For once he was conqueror, and the body of Robert Wainford transfixed by the lance of his friend, fell bleeding on the plain.

Rossayne dismounted with speed, and applied himself to the assistance of his dying friend; but his offers were rejected with scorn. In vain he protested his identity, and wept in the torment of his spirit. Wainford answered, but with looks of contempt, and muttering a prayer for his departing soul, breathed his last.

The amazement of the unhappy conqueror was extreme. That some extraordinary change had taken place in him was manifest from his former friends' refusal to acknowledge him; a refusal persevered in under such peculiar circumstances. Remedy he saw none, and he wended on his way full of remorse, indignation, and bitterness.

From town to town, and from city to city, the knight travelled, bearing along with him his heavy burthen of affliction; yet he met with no adventure. It seemed as if he were alone on the world without even an enemy; a thing whom mankind had abandoned; a weed cast on the surface of the waters.

At length a report reached him that a tournament was about to be held at Florence, in honour of the marriage of a son of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and thither he determined to repair.

'There,' said he inwardly, 'it can hardly fail but that I shall either retrieve some part of my lost honour, or that some lance in the joust, or some sword in the melic, may end the miseries of a wretched adventurer, as unfortunate in arms as undeserving in his love!'

He turned the head of his steed to the banks of the Arno; the magnificent city was gay in the pride of assembled chivalry. The streets were thronged with people noble and plebeian; processions, religious and military, passed in rapid succession; the houses were decorated and hung with garlands of autumn flowers; banner pennon and pennoncel streamed and fluttered at every turn; the hymns from the churches joined with the sound of festival and merriment, and the shrill echoes of trumpets and the din of armourers rang throughout the city. A delirium of pleasure and merriment pervaded every street.

Amid the universal joyfulness Richard de Rossayne rode along sad and solitary. To him the charms of festivity yielded no glad excitation, the song of the monks sank unheeded on his ear, and even the war-note of the trumpet failed to arouse his depressed spirit. Dejected and unheeded he hurried his way through the crowd, and having procured a lodging betook himself to his chamber, and passed the remainder of the day and the night in solitude and reflection.

In the morning he was aroused from his comfortless slumbers by the flourishes of music and the shouts of the populace. Finding on inquiry that the tourney was about to commence, he arrayed himself in his armour, and, mounting his steed, rode to the plain appointed for the contest.

The tumult of the preceding day was now redoubled; knights, alone or in companies, issued from every street, all bent to the same quarter. Squires followed, bearing their masters' lances and shields, and armourers with their implements of office, were all hastening to be in attendance. The ringing of bells, the clashing of arms, the trampling of steeds, and the united shouts and exclamations of all ranks of people, stunned the ear with an unimaginable confusion of sounds.

A level plain stretching along the banks of the Arno had been fixed on as the scene of the day's exhibition. There the lists had been marked out, and galleries for the accommodation of the noble throngs who had assembled to witness the efforts of the good knights had been erected.

When Rossayne arrived, the marshals of the field had taken their stations, and the lists were cleared. There was a glorious assemblage of knighthood on the plain that day, and a proud display of beauty to look on and to animate. In the centre of the right hand side of the lists, under a splendid canopy, sat the Duke and his bride. With them, however, our history hath no concern.

Five knights had taken upon themselves to be the general challengers of all comers ; valiant knights they were, and of great worship, so were many who had gathered together to oppose them. Many a noble heart beat that day, anxious to merit the applause of the fair one who might be gazing on her true knight, and many a tender bosom sighed for the safety and the success of the one whom it favoured. At length the heralds began their proclamations, the marshals gave the signal, and the tourney commenced.

The sun was sinking before it was the lot of Richard de Rossayne to try his lance. When he delivered in his name to the pursuivant, a shout was raised by several of his countrymen who were on the spot, and to whom his former reputation was not unknown. His heart throbbed, and hope for a while revived in his breast. He chose his opponent, retired to his station, and put his lance in the rest.

The champions joined half way ; the shock was as the conflict of mighty waters when they meet. Their lances shivered, and the horses of both riders sank upon their haunches.

Those who favoured either warrior suspended their exclamations, so doubtful did the issue of the joust seem ; so well matched the knights.

They resumed their places, and took new lances. They were again about to join when the marshals spurring their horses between the combatants interrupted the contest.

'Whence comes this helmet?' exclaimed one of them, addressing Rossayne, 'speak quickly, thy honour and thy life hang on thine answer.'

'Who asks, and wherefore?' inquired the knight, in a broken and hollow voice.

'Who asks? I ask, Hugo, Count of Parma. Wherefore! because the helmet thou bearest, unless thou explainest whence thou hadst it, marks thee as a traitorous and craven knight. It is the helmet of our late Duke, slain, as I fear me, thou knowest but too well how, more than a year since in the Bohemian forest.'

'I had it,' returned Rossayne, 'from a palmer whom I met by the lake of Constance.'

'And thine own helmet what of it; had'st thou travelled so far bare-headed to run the chance of finding an itinerant vender of armour at Constance?'

'My own helmet I lost most unaccountably. But I answer no further. What I have said I am ready to defend on the body of the best knight here.'

'It is needful, Sir,' said the Count, 'that you should for a time be our prisoner, you will be treated with that courtesy which your rank and fame require. Your countrymen will have free access to you.'

The English knights had meantime drawn near, and now requested that Rossayne might be delivered into their custody, pledging themselves for his appearance. But when, the marshals having granted their request, Rossayne inclosed his helmet and was about to thank his friends, they looked with amazement at each other.

'Here is a mistake,' said one who had been best acquainted with Rossayne; 'this is not the man, sirs, we are deceived; who is this man?'

'I am Richard of Rossayne; thou art demented to doubt it.'

A scornful laugh was the sole answer.

'An impostor doubtless; this were well looked into,' said one.

'Nay,' answered another, 'I have it, he is a poor maniac, my Lords, the marshals would do well to set him free.'

'Sir Henry Vincent hath spoken well,' said Hugo, 'let him go; it were folly to hinder him—'

He was here interrupted by Rossayne, who suddenly whirling round his horse, had well nigh overthrown the marshal, and having disengaged himself from the circle around him, advanced into the centre of the lists.

'I stand here,' said he, 'Richard of Rossayne, an English knight; whoever denies that I rightfully claim that title, I challenge him to single combat, on horse or on foot, with lance or with sword; now on the instant.'

He threw down his gauntlet in affirmance of his words. But the Count having spoke to the Duke approached the challenger, and again addressed him.

'It is the pleasure of his highness that no knight accept your challenge; the charges against you are withdrawn; you are free to depart; but the Duke desires that you will please to grant him the helmet you wear in exchange for such an one as you may select from his stores.'

'Most willingly will I part with it; but I was interrupted in the joust; I must complete that contest.'

'It may not be, sir. You have shewn yourself to be a good knight; I advise you as a friend to begone. You will hardly find a knight in defiance of his highness's pleasure to take up your gauntlet.'

'There is a fate hangs over me,' returned the indignant and disconsolate knight; 'it is vain to contend with it; take the helmet.'

'This armourer will furnish you with another. Farewell, sir.' Rossayne spurred his horse out of the lists. 'Now, thank heaven!' said the marshal, 'we are rid of this mad knight. Let the tourney be renewed.'

Rossayne lost no time in departing from Florence. Though filled with shame and mortification he had some hopes of having escaped from the accursed helmet to which he attributed all his calamities. But when the following morning he arose to pursue his journey, he found the helmet he had worn the preceding night was gone, and that he had received from the palmer was again returned.

He determined upon retracing his steps to his native land. It was possible he thought, that there he might find *one* who would recognise him, changed as he was; one whose eyes no enchantment could deceive. 'Surely,' thought he, 'my crime in forgetting her for a moment when gazing on the daughter of him of the Stein Hauss, is expiated by what I have undergone. I will make the trial; if unsuccessful I will abandon the track which I have loved and followed, and fly from a world that has no longer hope nor arm for Richard of Rossayne.'

Pursuing this design he travelled without ceasing. Skirting the base of the Alps he entered France, crossed the country, and having arrived at Calais he passed over the channel, and gave a sad greeting to his native land.

Who knows not the sweet shire of Devon, with its hills, its vallies, and its streams? There it was that Sir Raymond Grey maintained, in his ancestral abode, all the hospitality of the time. There it was that his daughter, the lovely and far-famed Amice Grey, wept in secret for the return of

her own true knight, and there it was that numberless suitors, the noble, the brave, and the wealthy, strove to win her from her sadness and inspire her with other thoughts. But she refused them all, nor would Sir Raymond interfere with her determination.

'I refuse' said he,—'I refuse admission into my poor house to no one of gentle blood and gentle manners; if any such can apply his wit so as to win my daughter he shall have her be he wealthy or be he poor, but her will is free and shall remain so.'

At this dwelling arrived one morning a visitor, with a page his single attendant. He rode quick, and his horse's hoofs rang shrilly on the frost-bitten ground. He brought letters of introduction to Sir Raymond, and was installed as an accepted guest.

The new comer was a man of fair person and knightly demeanour. His conversation was pleasing and diversified, abounding with knowledge gathered in foreign lands. Yet the tone of his voice was often sad, and he rarely exhibited any signs of mirth. Perhaps it was owing to this that Amice seemed to listen with less indifference to him than to any one who had previously addressed her. It was true that there was then no other visitor in her father's hall, and therefore the society of Sir Amylot Lacin and her father was all she had to partake of. But society she shrunk from, and Sir Raymond, when he beheld her manner towards her fresh suitor, began to think the time was at hand when he must lose his daughter.

But it was not so. Although whenever Sir Amylot spoke of foreign scenes and manners, or addressed her on indifferent subjects, she took an evident pleasure in his conversation, yet he never pressed his suit without receiving a gentle but firm intimation that it was in vain.

'I may not forget,' said she, 'and to you Sir Everard I may confess it, the affection I feel for one who is far away, and of whose fate I am, alas! uncertain. But whatever it be, be he alive or dead, to all but him the hand of Amice Grey is and must remain a widowed hand. Cease then to urge a suit which can but give uneasiness to both.'

It seemed to her as she said this, that there was an expression of delight in the countenance of Lacin, for which she was utterly unable to account; but it was of brief duration, and was succeeded by a deep sadness.

At other times, when in repulsing his addresses, she alluded to Rossayne, a momentary pleasure seemed to be communicated to Sir Amylot. It was strange she thought; she knew not to what to impute it.

It happened one day that Amice, attended by one of her women, was seated on a mossy eminence, half covered with violets, listening to the discourse of Lacin, who sat at her feet.

'Did not my father tell me, Sir Amylot, that you had a most beautiful helmet; may I see it.'

The knight despatched his page for the helmet. It was brought and admired.

The knight gazed mournfully upon it. Amice perceived it and inquired the reason.

'It is to that helmet, lady, that your servant owes all the evil of his life. Ay, all; but for it I might not now sue without hope to the fairest of her sex.'

'That might hardly be, Sir Amylot, surely a piece of armour could effect no change in me. But it is a most choice helmet, and would almost tempt me to exchange my silken for a steel circlet. How should I look in such head-gear, Marian?'

As she spoke she playfully placed the helmet on her brow. It sat there as easily as if it had been wrought for it, as lightly as if its material had been but the airy manufacture of an Eastern loom.

But ere a moment had elapsed, she sprung from her seat with a faint shriek. The condition was performed, the spell was broken, and she sunk fainting and breathless into the arms of the knight as the name of Rossayne burst from her lips.

Many months elapsed not e'er healths were quaffed in the halls of Sir Raymond Grey to the health of the bride and the bridegroom, the children of his age.

I have heard that after the death of Sir Richard de Rossayne and his lady, an old man, in a strange dress, and wearing an hat ornamented with scallop shells, presented himself at the gate of the hall, and obtained entrance, took down an helmet from the wall and disappeared. But whether this be so or not I cannot say; to assert the truth of the narrative I have related is sufficient for me.

D.

THE SNOW DROP.

THERE is a flower, a fragile flower,
The first-born of the early spring,
That sheds its sweets, and blooms its hour,
Ere summer spreads its azure wing.

Upon the earth's pure breast of snow
The infant blossoms lowly bend,
Pale as the maiden's cheek of woe,
Bereft of every earthly friend.

I hail thy coming, gentle flower,
Not simply that thou com'st alone;
Thou'rt welcome to me as the hour
That shines as those of youth have shone.

Fair herald of the blushing year,
Life's messenger without its stain,
The promised time of flowers is near,
And earth shall yet be green again.

'Tis thine to tell of joyous spring,
When earth unlocks its fragrant stores,
And gentle winds are breathed to bring
The wandering birds from distant shores.

Over the world's deep solitudes
A bright and gladdening smile is cast,
And if a thought of gloom intrude,
'Tis of the winter that is past.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A MAGAZINE EDITOR.

Just as I was on the point of emerging from my teens, at that season of life when the 'fancies' of the 'idle brain' are

Thick and numberless

As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,

and the moral energies are in a state of fermentation for want of some congenial employment on which they may be permitted to vent themselves, I became enrolled among the 'plural units' of Metropolitan literature;—to express myself somewhat more intelligibly, was invested with the full powers, privileges, perquisites, and prerogatives, of a Magazine Editor.

This, my promotion to so important and dignified an office, formed an entirely new æra in my existence. From the earliest moment of my instalment, I considered myself elevated as much above the rank of a mere contributor, as the newly translated Bishop of a productive Diocese may be supposed to feel above his poorer dependants, when sailing (conspicuous by his lawn sleeves, and swan-like deportment), at the head of a crowd of the unbeneficed clergy, of whom he had formerly been a member, but who are doomed for the future to look up to him for countenance and support. I had been an humble votary of the Muses, and the time was yet recent when the summit of my literary ambition was to behold an occasional slip of smooth verse, or a patch of no-meaning prose, from my excursive quill, duly honoured in the pages of the Gentleman's Magazine; then the go-cart in which literary sucklings acquired the art of setting their feet to the ground, and, finally, of running alone;—the aviary in which the newly-fledged choristers of the Muses expanded, for the first time, their infant wings, before they ventured their migration to a less encouraging atmost phere. Raised for ever above the feverish hopes and expectations of a craving contributor, I had now become an almoner of those favors to others for which I had formerly been an importunate suppliant myself. A portion of that fame

For which men write, speak, preach, and heroes kill.

And bards burn what they call their 'midnight taper,

was now, as the Editor of a Magazine, in some respects, at my disposal, I could dole out my periodical pittance of praise to those who appeared to deserve it, or thunder down the monthly anathemas of my critical vengeance on the heads of all who refused to acknowledge my supremacy. But I am anticipating the order of precedence in these my confessions.

It was on my return from a delightful walk to Point Pleasant, a cluster of cottages situated on a promontory of the river Mersey, (and commanding an extensive prospect of wood and water, both in Cheshire and the fertile and diversified county of Lancashire), to the principal inn of S —, which I had, during my sojourn in that picturesque and beautiful little village, constituted my head quarters,—that a letter, bearing the London postmark, was put into my hands by my worthy hostess of the 'White Lion.' The superscription was penned in a cramped and niggardly style of caligraphy, with which I was perfectly unacquainted; and the only agreeable circumstance connected, in the first instance, with its receipt, was the payment of the postage; an omen from which I drew rather a favourable conclusion. With some degree of anxiety to possess myself of the contents of this mysterious epistle, I hastily broke the seal, and found to my infinitely agreeable sur-

prise, that it contained a proposal from a London bookseller to become the Editor of his (as he was pleased to entitle it), *popular Magazine*.

This was the consummation I had so devoutly desired, from the earliest moment that I had become afflicted with the *cacoethes scribendi*. The disorder was at this time at its height, and here was offered an escape-valve through which its *virus* might periodically evaporate. I read over the letter again and again, and each time with additional satisfaction, until the niggling caligraphy of the bibliopole assumed to my gaze the appearance of the utmost symmetry and beauty, and his ragged sentences seemed to vie in eloquence with the flowing and harmonious periods of a Gibbon. I was quite intoxicated with contemplating, through the telescope of futurity, the glowing prospects of fame and fortune which presented themselves to my imagination. The 'joy of my own thoughts' threw me into a most delightful reverie, from which I was at length awakened, by the shrill pipe of my landlady recalling my wandering attention from the lofty speculations amid which it was luxuriating, to the more sublunary considerations of the tea-table and its accompaniments. After emptying, almost mechanically, eleven cups of tea, and devouring a proportionate quantity of bread and butter, I called for pen, ink, and paper, and inditing an epistle replicatory to Teucer Turnpenny, the London publisher, civilly, but coyly, accepted of his proposal, and promised to be in town in sufficient time to superintend the publication of the next number of his Magazine.

Having achieved this important task, and filled several sheets of paper with addresses to myself in my new capacity, and sentences in which a certain plural personal pronoun occupied no inconsiderable space, I retired to my bed-chamber, where I dreamt a thousand disjointed dreams,

Such visions as arise without a sleep ;
in which contributors to the work of which I was about to become the Editor, thronged upon my delighted view thick as the golden apples in the gardens of the Hesperides. I arose early the next morning feverish and unrested; packed up my portmanteau, settled with my worthy hostess of the White Lion, and at half-past nine o'clock was whirling rapidly along the great north road in that most expeditious 'conveniency' the Liverpool mail.

I shall not fatigue my reader with any account of my journey, or the difficulties which attended my initiation to the duties which I had to perform: suffice it to mention, that they were speedily overcome, and that the second evening after my arrival in the great city, saw me established in elegant apartments at the west-end of the town, sedulously occupied in preparing prospectuses, advertisements, and paragraphs, declaratory of the wonderful feats with which the 'Proprietors and Conductors of the — Magazine,' intended to astonish 'a discerning and never enough to be respected public.'

Well do I remember the satisfaction with which I set about arranging the materials of which the first number of the Magazine which fell under my superintendence, was to be composed; and the confidence with which I subjoined editorial notes, whenever the slightest opportunity presented itself of appending any illustrative comment.

These were golden moments, and much too sweet to last. On inspecting the orderly-book of my publisher, I found that of the gallant army of contributors, of which he had boasted to me in his preliminary correspondence, few had ever enlisted under his banners, and of that few almost all who had a leg to stand upon had deserted long before my accession to the Editorial

command; so that, in fact, our regiment was as little calculated for actual service as that of Sir John Falstaff. The worthy Knight's corps, it is said, could hardly produce one shirt among them all, while ours was equally unable to furnish a single sheet! One staunch veteran of the line, and a few volunteers, quite strange to the service, and entirely unacquainted with literary tactics, constituted our whole disposable force; and the latter were, in truth, very little better than an 'awkward squad' for experience and intelligence. In this dilemma I found some difficulty in procuring the requisite quantity of tolerable matter for the month; and was more than once driven to the necessity of cooking up the entire concern myself.

I had been accustomed to go a great deal into society, and was now constantly on the *qui vive* for subjects on which to employ my pen, until I became so great an economist even in my pleasures, that I could hardly prevail upon myself to accept of any invitation which did not seem to promise me materials for an article for the Magazine. If I dropped in at Lady L.'s *conversazione* it was chiefly with the hope of picking up a contributor or two; and when I indulged myself with a few hours relaxation at a concert or a ball, my principal object was to gather hints for an agreeable sketch of society. In short, my new calling occupied my mind so completely to the exclusion of every other idea that I could think of nothing from 'night till morn, from morn till dewy eve,' but the —— Magazine! Still the anxieties which haunted me were rather of a pleasing description than otherwise; and I would not have relieved myself from them entirely had it been in my power. Besides, although there was much with which I could willingly have dispensed, there were many advantages attending my editorial pursuits which amply compensated for any trouble or vexation they might have cost me. *Imprimis*: the handsome yearly income to which my labours entitled me; secondly, the freedom of ingress afforded me to all places of public amusement, literary coteries, &c.; and lastly, but not leastly, the quantity of new books, letters, and neat square looking packages (post and carriage paid), which were each day piled upon my table, addressed to the Editor of the —— Magazine, with the authors' best compliments, best respects, and the like. Let me here advise, and with great sincerity, all authors to send presentation copies of their works to the Editors of respectable periodicals. I have usually taken in hand books thus politely presented to me with a degree of complacency for which, considering the character I have obtained for impartiality, I am somewhat at a loss to account. It is certain that a hundred times the value in money would have failed to influence me one jot in favour of a particular author; but a presentation copy, with a respectful inscription on the fly-leaf, tickles so delicately the self-love of an Editor, that he immediately becomes *desirous* to find in it something worthy of his commendation; and the wish to admire, says Dr. Johnson, is the first step towards positive admiration. Now it is impossible for an Editor not to imbibe a favourable impression of the politeness and discernment of an author, who selects him from the herd of his contemporaries, for the purpose of offering what he intends should imply his reliance on his generosity and good taste; therefore, let all authors send presentation copies to the Editors of popular periodicals.

For the first few months matters went on pleasantly enough between my publisher and myself. In his eyes I was the very paragon of Editors, and he trumpeted forth my praise in every possible variety of form of which a newspaper puff is susceptible. THE MORNING POST contained the most amia-

ble paragraph in the world, in which the accession of talent (my accession of course) which had been obtained for the — Magazine was mentioned, in terms that could leave me in no sort of doubt as to the admiration of the writer for my genius and acquirements. THE DAY dawned, in lines of encouraging light, upon my undertaking. THE HERALD gave timely notice of my ascent to the throne of my predecessors. THE CHRONICLE registered my claim to public countenance and support; even THE OLD TIMES, barring politics and polemics, pronounced me to be an editorial scion of considerable promise; and the BRITISH PRESS, absolutely, teemed with my eulogy!

Nor were the Evening Papers less amicably disposed towards me. THE COURIER carried the news of my accession into the remotest parts of the United Kingdom, accompanied by those cheering prognostics of the energy of government to be expected from the new *Regime*, which it is so well skilled to insinuate, when any change of affairs in the literary or political world transpires, to call either for apology or encouragement. THE SUN smiled a farewell benison upon me, and promised to irradiate me occasionally with the splendour of its enlivening beams. THE EVENING STAR scattered the genial dews of encouragement upon my hopes, and, to make a long story short, THE GLOBE was vocal with my praises from one end to the other!

This 'flood of glory' quite electrified me with delight. I had no reason to believe it otherwise than spontaneous and sincere; although it struck me as somewhat remarkable, that the whole scope and tendency of my genius and capabilities should thus suddenly have transpired, without any effort of my own to render myself notorious. I had written, it is true, a pretty ponderous pile of prose, and the best part of a ream of verse, but then I had uniformly veiled myself from the broad glare of popular applause, by suppressing my patronymic and publishing under another name. Doubtless, thought I, my productions have created a *strong sensation*, but how comes it that these good people have discovered me to be the author of them; and, without some information on the subject, what reason can they have for thinking me less of a blockhead than my predecessor. These questions, perplexing as they must have appeared to others, I soon solved in the way most agreeable to my own vanity; and I might have remained in error to the present day, but that a '*damned* good-natured friend,' took the trouble of enlightening me on the subject; and it was not without some mortification that I heard these very well timed, and, to my judgment, elegantly turned paragraphs, referred to the ingenious (not ingenuous) pen of my publisher himself; who, to do him justice, was unequalled in this line of composition. Never was there a more successful practitioner of panegyric than Teucer Turnpenny. He would have beaten the proprietors of Warren's incomparable jet blacking to a stand-still with their own weapons; and even the renowned Doctor Solomon would have encountered him upon very unequal terms. The celebrated author of the '*Spanish Armada*' might have dashed off the '*puff direct*' with more expedition than my intelligent bibliopole; but we deny that he was half so well acquainted with the mode of managing the delicate intricacies and beautiful sinuosities of the '*puffs*,' '*preliminary*,' '*collateral*,' '*collusive*,' and '*oblique*!'

It would answer no useful purpose to enter into minute details of my necessarily various transactions with such a person; but a few cursory anecdotes of my proceedings may not prove entirely uninteresting to lite-

rary novices. I have already mentioned the total desertion of all the regular contributors of the Magazine (if it had ever any worth regretting), but I ought, in justice, to notice an exception, and by no means an unimportant one, in the person of DOCTOR BALAAM,—a zealous retainer of my publisher, a ‘servant of all work,’ hired to effect objects of more importance to Teucer’s pockets than the filling the columns of his Magazine, but whom he, nevertheless, permitted to devote the odds and ends of time left on his hands to my service, when no better employment presented itself. This individual had, in the course of a long and laborious life, produced several useful compilations, of which, however, his employers had mostly derived the benefit. For an annual stipend he had sold his services, without reserve, to my publisher, to execute such projects as Teucer’s fertile invention might suggest; always admitting him, as a *bonus*, to a small share in the profits of each humbug, in order to stimulate him to the exertions requisite for a fresh undertaking. Thus encouraged, the industry of the Doctor was boundless. I have known him travel to Kamschatka, in a fortnight, and return with a comely octavo volume under his arm, entitled ‘*Remarks on the Manners and Customs of the inhabitants of Kamschatka, with a Map and Survey, Geological and Geographical, of that interesting country, translated from the Swedish of Gustavus Poniatowski, late Ambassador from the Court of Sweden!*’ Nay, so expeditious was this traveller, that I remember, on a particular emergency, his making a voyage to Canton in ten days, and bringing back with him a huge packet of entertaining reminiscences, which, in due time, made their appearance in a three guinea quarto, with maps and charts, and all the embellishments which the typographical and topographical arts could bestow; entitled ‘*Voyage to Canton, with notices of the language and literature of the Chinese, from the original Dutch by Stoe Van Hartingen, Captain in the Dutch East India Company!*’

In Biography Doctor Balaam was, perhaps, more expert than in his ‘Voyages and Travels.’ Although good enough sort of men, where their own interests did not interfere, public calamity was the source of heartfelt congratulations to my bookseller and his factotum. The death of an illustrious contemporary was to them a source of life and good fortune! No sooner was the demise of the great person formally announced in the daily prints than the Doctor set to work, *vi et armis*. Newspaper files were searched and periodicals (but more especially the obituaries of my worthy friend Sylvanus Urban), ransacked for such raw and undigested information as they might chance to contain. It, of course, seldom happened, that the friends of the illustrious deceased would open sources of information to such a biographer. But our book-maker was not easily to be daunted. The Peerages supplied abundant anecdotes of the ancestors of the ‘distinguished person,’ invention would furnish the rest, and so the ‘Memoirs’ were completed—printed—published,—and puffed!

Nor did Doctor Balaam’s services end here. He was the most fortunate man I ever heard of in the discovery of *original letters and posthumous MSS.* of poets, historians, and philosophers. He seldom visited the British Museum without turning up a pile of ‘original correspondence’ of some great writer or other which had escaped the researches of less fortunate investigation. These collections were, successively, ushered into notice with the usual accompaniments of wove paper and wide margins. Their *originality* was never for a moment questioned; but it not unfrequently happened, that their

genuineness began to be considered as more than questionable by the time the whole impression was disposed of. But our bookseller and his colleague were entirely callous to the exposures which commonly followed their impostures. To apply to them the language of Dryden—‘they lived by selling *titles* and not books; and if that carried off one impression they had their end, and valued not the curses they met with from their bubbled chapmen!’

The secrets to which this veteran admitted me as to the various modes of wheedling and humbug, were eminently worth the trouble of initiation; and, although they were occasionally, to the vulgar ken, dark and incomprehensible as the Eleusinian mysteries themselves, nothing could be more simple than each enigma when light had been thrown upon it by his edifying explanations. There were few subjects on which the Doctor either was not, or did not, affect to be informed. He has, at various times, furnished me with ‘*Essays on the morbid diseases of the Lungs*,’ professing to come from a Member of the College of Physicians, (he was an L.L.D.); Meteorological Observations, dated from the Bahamas (he never was ten miles from St. Paul’s Cathedral in his life), and notices of the progress of vocal music in England, although his acquaintance with that enchanting science was barely sufficient to enable him to distinguish ‘God save the King’ from ‘Rule Britannia!’

It was about this time that the seeds of that mighty revolution which has since sprung up in Magazine literature, began to germinate. Editors could no longer inflict upon their readers the same dull repetition of cross-questions and crooked answers; the same endless reiteration of nonentities, with impunity. Another and a healthier taste was beginning to manifest itself. My publisher, and I, therefore, determined upon closing our accounts with some of our long-winded contributors. Sophonisba’s Tale was brought to an end; Philo-Logos was no longer permitted to be wordy; The Quarrels of Quince and Flute were amicably adjusted; Several writers on Education were instructed to improve themselves; the ears of our Gleaner were reduced, whilst the eyes of our Observer were directed to more interesting objects than had hitherto occupied their attention; the Memoirs of a Sad Dog were curtailed; Detector was himself threatened with exposition; Miranda’s Pleasures of Fancy were abridged to one Fytte; Mercury was dismissed; the writer of the Cornucopia requested to make himself scarce; Doctor Balaam superannuated; and the lucubrations of the rest of our contributors—sent to the devil!

Here then was the earnest of as radical a reform as the most determined stickler could have ventured to propose. Unfortunately, however, we had dissolved our little cabinet, and sent our prime minister the Doctor to the right about, without duly considering how the deficiencies were to be supplied. In this dilemma we resembled those visionaries who would overturn religious and political institutions before they have provided others in their stead. But the blow was struck. Our advertisements had gone forth, teeming (as usual), with the most magnificent promises. A thousand reams of paper, of a texture not easily to be paralleled, were already purchased; a fresh printer engaged; his steam engines charged, and nothing wanting but the articles of which our phoenix of Magazines was to be composed.

‘The publishers of periodicals,’ says Mackenzie, in one of his papers on the Mirror, ‘may be compared to the proprietors of stage coaches, who are

compelled to run their vehicles with or without passengers !' Now we happened to be at this juncture exactly in the latter predicament. Our old-fashioned and crazy 'family vehicle' was about to be metamorphosed into a spruce mail coach on the newest principle ; intended to carry eight inside ; and as many out as we could get. We even went to the expense of fresh painting the concern, and changing the colour of its pannels, on which we had emblazoned a beautiful fac-simile of the Saracen's head. All these improvements, however, had been repeatedly announced, and as yet we had booked very few passengers for the journey. But an expedient presently occurred to us, which was not only to carry all who might be disposed for a cast free of expense, but to give them a dinner, wine, and a present of money into the bargain ! No sooner had the intimation been issued, than a crowd collected about our office doors, (for many of whose carcasses a common stage waggon would have been a more eligible conveyance), and loudly demanded the fulfilment of our stipulation. Never, surely, until this occasion, had mortal eyes beheld so motley a groupe. There were Barristers from the Temple (not of the Muses) with their 'green bags' filled even to repletion, not with briefs, but with elegies. gouty Magistrates of the Quorum, with compilations from Burn's Justice, heavy as themselves, lisping in the prettiest undertones imaginable,— 'We're a' treading, tread, tread, treading ! Sheriffs' Officers, from Cur-sitor-street, liberal of *copy*, thundering forth declamatory speeches about 'liberty' and 'prison-discipline.' Pawnbrokers from the purlieus of Covent Garden and Drury-lane, groaning beneath an accumulated burthen of last year's 'unredeemed pledges.' Prentices from Bucklersbury and Ald-gate bawling Eastward Hoe ! Tun-bellied Aldermen from the Ward of Farringdon without, with huge 'Essays on the love of the Turtle.' Dramatists without action, as fat but by no means as witty, as George Colman the younger. Parodists, weighing twenty stone, cumberously flippant, and lugubriously good humoured.

Commodores, with timber toes, a sailing from their latitudes,
And Blues from Lady Morgan's corps all sprawling into attitudes !

Of course we could not carry the whole bevy and their lumber at once. We, therefore, made an election of as many as our vehicle would accommodate, and entered the rest in our books for a future day. Thus freighted, although some alarming apprehensions were entertained lest we should topple over or break down on the road, we reached the place of our destination in perfect safety, amid the jeers and witticisms of the mob collected to witness our arrival. One person compared us (i. e. our Magazine), to a lumbering French Diligence ; another, (meaning, of course, to glance at our capaciousness), to an improved edition of Pickford's Fly Van ; and a third (in all probability seduced into this simile by our having around us so many 'gentlemen in black,' members of the learned professions), likened us to a hearse and four, bereft of its 'pageantry of woe,' and returning from a funeral. Amid this shower of impertinence I maintained a dignified silence. I looked lightning at my assailants, conceiving it most becoming to treat with silent contempt the 'envious gibes of each pedestrian churl.' To apply the forcible language of the noble poet I have just quoted, I remained

With a most voiceless thought sheathing it like a sword.

For this endurance we were amply repaid by the vociferated commenda-

tions of one of our inside passengers, (a lady, who, truth to say, had been rather scurvily treated by some of our brother Whips), who repeatedly declared, and subsequently permitted our Proprietor to mention it in his advertisements, that ours was the coach of coaches, the only vehicle in which a *Blue* of any distinction could set her foot!

To be less metaphorical, and somewhat more intelligible, Teucer and I found, to our cost, that there was in these days no way of conciliating contributors of the slightest pretensions, without addressing ourselves to their pockets, and proposing to remunerate them handsomely, according to the extent of service performed. We, therefore, resolved to pursue a very different plan from the one by which we had hitherto been guided. We proposed to engage writers of *some* reputation in the literary world, however small, and thus endeavour to effect, by the promulgation of their names, what their positive talents might not have enabled us to accomplish. In some instances we were content with becoming the *lessee* of a popular name, to which we forthwith affixed a prosing paper prepared for the occasion. The effect was all that could have been desired. The production was voted admirable. No sooner was the author mentioned than

How the wit sparkled,—how the sense refined!

It is now that I have to mention an occurrence which fell like a wet blanket upon my editorial hopes. Just at the period when my services were most in request, a sudden blight overtook my faculties, which rendered me inadequate to the production of a single line, either of prose or verse, without the most distressing elaboration. Is my reader addicted to dreams? If so, cannot he call to mind some vision of fear, in which, just as he was about to be despatched by half-a-dozen ruffians (such for instance as Mrs. Radcliffe's Spalatro), and he attempted to make his situation known as far as his strength of lungs would permit, he discovered, to his infinite horror, that his voice had deserted him when he had most need of it, and that his yell of 'murder and thieves' dwindled into a genteel drawing-room whisper. Such was the calamitous situation to which I found myself reduced. Many a time since this afflicting deprivation, have I poked out my fire and snuffed out my candle, (nothing assists the mind more effectually in the parturition either of prose or poetry than poking the fire and snuffing the candle), in the attempt to produce the most trivial Editorial paragraph, or 'notice to a correspondent,' my genius had undergone a complete sterilization. I had no longer 'the pen of a ready writer.' My capabilities had suffered an untimely frost. There was a polar winter in my pericranium, which I vainly endeavoured to thaw. I took an occasional bumper to assist me in my cogitations, but this only made 'confusion more confounded.' I grew nervous and discomposed.

Megrims invested my belaurelled skull,
Spleen laid embargoes on my appetite!

I was no longer the happy Editor I had once been. The prodigious increase of my duties just at the moment when I was least capable of performing them; their recurrence month after month, without the most distant prospect of alleviation, began to weary out my patience, and a thousand disagreeable sensations took the place of those feelings of ardent satisfaction with which I had begun my career. Add to this the provoking civility of my printer, who was eternally inflicting upon me his calculations as to the precise period at which he should be 'standing' for want of food

for his insatiable presses. At every ring of the bell I started with nervous apprehension, lest it should be a 'devil' sent to importune me for a fresh supply of copy; and even in my walks the image of this my evil genius seemed to follow me like my shadow. Nor did the return of night afford me any respite; when I sought refuge in sleep from the oppressive cares to which my waking hours were subjected, the appalling words 'ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS,' 'REVIEWS,' and 'MORE COPY,' (the latter in characters terrible as those which appalled the voluptuous Belshazzar, and much more easily to be deciphered), seemed to glitter in letters of petrifying brilliancy on the foot curtains of my bed. It was in vain that I attempted to close my eyes; for no sooner had I begun to dose, than a thousand spectres, arrayed in blurred sheets of the Magazine, were passing like Banquo's line of ghosts, in appalling review before my eyes. Even the pug face that surmounted the knocker of my door seemed, whenever I entered, to put on the looks of my tormentor, 'grin horribly a ghastly smile,' and extend its supplicating jaws for ARTICLES for my pen! Fortunately, I had by me, ready cut and dried, a few papers, the fruits of happier hours, which I husbanded as well as I was able; taking care, that they might last the longer, to distribute them at respectful distances from each other,

Like angels visits few and far between.

When this my cruise of oil and measure of meal shall be exhausted, heaven only knows what is to become of me; abdication from my editorial throne is the only alternative that will remain to me. My last article is now in the press; but I cannot take my final leave of that public by whom I have been fostered and encouraged, without endeavouring to justify myself as far as may be in their sight, I have, therefore, committed to paper the foregoing memoranda to be published, and read when I shall be numbered with departed EDITORS.

A SKETCH.

I SAW her in the morn of life—the summer of her years,
Ere time had stole a charm away, or dimmed her smile with tears;
The blush of morn was on her cheek—the tender light of even
Came mellowed from her azure eye, whose sphere reflected Heaven.

I saw her once again, and still her form was young and fair,
But blight was with her beauty blent—its silent trace was there;
Her cheek had lost its glowing tint—her eye its brightest ray,
The change was o'er her charms which says the flower must fade away.

Oh then her tender bloom might seem the shadow of the rose,
Or dying gleam of sunset-skies, scarce tinging stainless snows,
And clustering round her brow serene her golden tresses lay
As sunbright clouds on summer lakes are hung at close of day.

Yet—yet once more I saw her face and then she seemed to sleep
In bright and beautiful repose—but, ah, too still and deep—
Far, far too deep for lovely dreams, for youthful eyes too long,
O'er which the morn may vainly break with all her light and song!

J. M.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

JANUS; or, the Edinburgh Literary Almanack.—Oliver and Boyd.
Post 8vo. p. 544

The Prospectus of this long-looked for volume promised that its contents should be of a very different order from those of other annual publications, and we must admit that this pledge has been most piously redeemed; for the dullest and least meritorious of the works to which the projectors of the Janus appeared so contemptuously to allude, will be found to contain matter of a far more interesting character than is to be met with in their much-vaunted publication; to say nothing of the variety of splendid illustrations which are included for the same price as they have the conscience to ask for their periodical. We are forced in some degree into this comparison by the pompous pretensions with which the volume has been ushered before the public. For our own parts, we confess that we did expect a book of very different description, both as it regards style and matter, from the tone of self-gratulation with which it was announced some months ago. We supposed, naturally enough, that it would be an agreeable miscellany, consisting for the most part of light and elegant literature, here and there interspersed with an essay, on some 'subject of permanent interest.' We looked, in fact, for a *beau ideal* of a volume of Blackwood's Magazine, steering alternately

From grave to gay, from lively to severe.

Instead of this however we have upwards of five hundred pages of lumbering essays on 'education,' the 'rise and decline of nations,' 'beauty,' 'antiquity,' 'medals,' the 'study of history,' 'action and thought,' 'religion,' 'country life,' 'prosperity,' 'pins,' 'poetry,' and the like! Who in the name of taste can be expected to wade through a series of tedious and elaborate articles upon such trite, old-world subjects. Then there is a perpetual hankering after German sentiment and German literature which is really absolutely sickening. The philosophy of the book is German, even the graver articles are full of German metaphysics, and those which are meant to be of a lighter character are, for the most part, either translated from the German, or constructed upon German models. Out of about twenty copies of verses ten are translated from the German, the rest being with some four or five exceptions, versions from the Latin, Dutch, French, and Gallic. A considerable portion of the prose is also either translated from, or founded on, German productions, and partakes largely of the dulness and dreaminess of its origin. But we shall waive general criticism and give our readers a brief analysis of the contents of the book.

The Hints Concerning the Universities extend to no less than forty-three pages. This essay sets out with praises of Mr. Brougham for his activity in promoting the establishment of Mechanics' Institutes, and designates all opponents to the learned gentleman's system as 'hypocrites' who have 'a base desire to uphold, at the expense of ignorance and degradation, something felt to be incapable of standing its ground were the light fairly let in upon it.' After twaddling through upwards of forty pages, the illuminatus who is the author of this article makes some very important discoveries, viz. that the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge educated more young men in

former days than now; that they ought to receive a great many more students than they do; that the Scotch Universities are very admirable institutions; and, finally, that a comparatively small proportion of the clergymen of England have enjoyed the advantages of a college education. These are important discoveries, although we suspect they will not greatly interest the purchasers of Christmas presents. But to proceed:

Church Service for the ordeal by Fire is merely a skreed out of some old Chronicler; *Specimens of the Rabinical Apologue* are curious without being in the smallest degree interesting; and the four *Sonnets from the German of Gluck* are, with one exception, indifferent specimens of a very indifferent poet.

The *Thoughts on Bores* is intended to be very witty, and is no doubt what it professes to be, if one could but see the gist of it. It informs us that the art of 'boring with smiths and carpenters, and such persons, is defined to be piercing through and through with a sharp instrument.' This, observes our wag, could hardly be accomplished upon 'sentient beings without pain—such as a person of sensibility feels when *bored* to death!' The lively author then goes on to describe various bores, and proses through thirty-eight pages without seeming in the slightest degree conscious that he himself is the *ne plus ultra* of literary bores!

Maxims from Goethe, such as 'There is no hair so little that it casts no shade,' *Leaves*, a series of paragraphs, consisting of such novel and edifying apothegms as 'live to learn, and learn to live,' precede an article twenty-four pages in length, entitled *The Rise and Decline of Nations*, in which is discussed with much earnestness the causes of their greatness and decay, in a style of argument weighty enough to sink a seventy-four gun ship.

Of *Old Freezland Proverbs*, from a work by Jacob Kenrik Hoeufft, the the first is

Old gold, old hay, old bread
Stands one in good stead.

The twenty-eight other examples are pretty much of the same character.

Moustache, the adventures of the dog of the Regiment, is borrowed from a well known French work, entitled *Anecdotes du dix neuvieme siecle*; but the story is Englished pleasantly enough, and forms an agreeable contrast to the leaden papers by which it is surrounded.

After *The Jews of Worms*, a scrap translated from Busching, and *Marco Bozzaris* a splendid poem extracted from the columns of the *New Times*, comes a long essay on the *Prime Objects of Government*, of which, as we have not read a syllable, we cannot pretend to form any opinion. *Dante* and *Milton* and *Napoleon* are well written articles. The latter we rather suspect we have met with before. *Antipathies—Poetry and Prose—Brown on Beauty—Antiquity—New Buildings at Cambridge—Study of History—Influence of Luxury on Religion—Action and Thought—Effects of growing Prosperity—Medals*—are all sensible well written essays, but by no means likely to attract in a work which professes to aim at the lighter graces of English literature. Several of them indeed are so dull as to be perfectly unreadable, excepting as a task.

Among the papers which are likely to please the general reader, we may mention the *Preface to any New Work*; *Saturday night in the Manse*, (which has much of the quaint but admirable humour of Galt) *Daniel Cathie, the Tobacconist*, which although a little too broad occasionally, is

not destitute of humour; *The Bohemian Gardener*, a very tolerable story, founded on a popular legend which has been less successfully handled by Tieck and Runenbergh; *Miles Atherton*, a little sketch after the style of the Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life; and the *Transport*, an incident apparently a production of the same pen.

The poetry is for the most part dreary beyond all conception. The Lines to the Spirit of Health; the Monody on Lord Byron, from Muller; and the little poem from the German of Gluck, are, however, beautiful, and seem to have proceeded from no unpractised pen.

But we have exhausted our limits. The Janus is, on the whole, one of the dullest publications professing to amuse as well as edify, that ever sent a vigilant reader to sleep. It is said that the opium eater has contributed largely to its pages, and in good truth we suspect he has; for the book is soporific enough to have been written entirely by him. There are no plates, but the type and paper are tolerable. It was industriously reported some months ago, that Messrs. Lockhart and Wilson would edit this publication. It is hardly necessary to say that there is no foundation for such a rumour. The Scotch newspapers tell us also that Mr. Coleridge is a contributor, but they should have added, that it is Mr. Hartley Coleridge and not the poet Coleridge.

THE Beauties of Wiltshire displayed, in Statistical, Historical, and Descriptive Sketches, interspersed with Anecdotes of the Arts.
By JOHN BRITTON, Esq. F. S. A. Vol. 3, 8vo. Longman and Co.

This volume is a portion of a work of which the preceding parts were published twenty-five years ago; and we notice it more for the sake of the interesting auto-biographical memoir prefixed to it, than on account of its peculiar merits, and they are undoubtedly great, as the topography of an important tract of country. Mr. Britton has earned for himself a reputation which is alone sufficient to recommend any production of his pen to the patronage of the public, without those adventitious aids which less fortunate authors are compelled to court. To account, in some measure, for the extraordinary delay which has occurred in the completion of his Beauties of Wiltshire, Mr. B. has presented us with one of the most interesting auto-biographical sketches we ever remember to have met with. It breathes a spirit of manly independence and candour which is the charm of compositions of this class, and is well calculated to serve the useful purpose of stimulating youthful aspirants to seek that distinction which is only open to the persevering and honourable minded lover of literature. Mr. Britton was born at Kingston, St. Michael, in 1771, of poor but respectable parents. He was placed successively at four rustic schools, but of so illiterate a character that he does not remember to have seen a book in any of them of any other description than Fenning's and Dyche's Spelling Books, Æsop's Fables, the Bible, and two or three Dictionaries. 'I do not recollect,' he says, 'that I ever beheld a newspaper before I was fifteen, nor did I ever hear of a magazine, review, or any kind of book, but a few novels which my elder sister occasionally obtained from the neighbouring town of Chippenham.' His father and mother having died under adverse circumstances, and their orphans having been turned out upon the wide world, young Britton was, at the age of fifteen, placed with an uncle in London, who apprenticed him for six years to a wine-

merchant. These six years were dragged on as a lengthened and galling chain; for his health, always weakly, was greatly impaired by constant confinement in damp and murky cellars. He was treated as a common servant, and taught no more than the porters of the establishment who were in the receipt of weekly wages.

It is necessary to remark, (says Mr. B.) that during this apprenticeship—this immurement in a *London cavern*—I stole an occasional half hour in a morning, between seven and eight o'clock, to look at the sky, breathe a little fresh air, and visit two book-stalls in the vicinity of my 'prison cave.' The rational food and medicine obtained from these sources, not only supported life, but furnished that information which enabled me to ascertain the seat of certain diseases which had long preyed on my frame, and threatened its dissolution. After purchasing and reading Chesseldon's 'Anatomy,' Quincy's 'Dispensatory,' some 'Treatises on Consumption,' Buchan's 'Domestic Medicine,' Tissot's 'Essay on Diseases incident to Sedentary People,' Cornaro 'on Health and Long Life,' and several other medical and anatomical works, I was flattered with the persuasion that I knew my own constitution, its diseases, and the regimen and medicines necessary to restore and preserve health. Dr. Dodd's 'Reflections on Death,' his 'Thoughts in Prison,' and all his other writings, were familiar to me at this time: as were Ray's 'Wisdom of God manifested in the Works of the Creation,' Derham's 'Astro and Physico Theology,' as well as Benjamin Martin's numerous and pleasing writings on Natural and Experimental Philosophy. The miscellaneous works of Smollet, Fielding, Sterne, &c. were likewise perused with great avidity; but all the reading I could indulge in, during my term of legal English slavery, was by candle-light, in the cellar, and at occasional intervals only, not of leisure, but of time abstracted from systematic duties. To compensate for this time, I was compelled to labour with additional exertion, and to adopt the most rapid modes of performing my tasks. To bottle off, and cork, a certain number of dozens of wine, was required to constitute a day's work, and this I could generally accomplish in ten or eleven hours, and I then had three or four hours for my favourite pursuit of reading. Unacquainted with any literary or scientific persons before I had reached my twentieth year, my studies, or rather bookish amusements, were very desultory and miscellaneous. They were not directed to any particular object, and were consequently unavailable to any useful end. Towards the termination of my apprenticeship, I fortunately became acquainted, in my morning walks, with a person who was wholly employed in, and obtained a very respectable livelihood by, painting the figures, &c. on watch faces. He was fond of books, had purchased many volumes, and as his business did not require any exertion of thought, he could listen to the reading of others, or enter into conversation, without discontinuing his usual occupation. This person was my first, and principal, or, indeed, my only mentor and guide. He lent and bought me books, and gave me useful and judicious advice. His name is Essex: he is yet living, and, I hope, happy; for he was an industrious and well-informed man. He always seemed to me to be a sound philosopher, inasmuch as he practised the precepts he inculcated, and afforded a most exemplary pattern to a large family, whom he reared and educated respectably. At Mr. Essex's shop I became acquainted with Dr. Towers and Mr. BRAYLEY; and to the latter gentleman I am more indebted for literary acquirements, and literary practice, than to any other person. He, however, was artied to a mechanical trade, but was neither so much nor so irksomely occupied as myself. He read with avidity, and early evinced literary talents both in prose and verse. It is a curious fact, that we entered into 'partnership' to publish a single ballad or song, which was written by Mr. Brayley, and intituled '*The Guinea Pig*.' It was allusive to the passing of an act to levy one guinea per head on every person who used hair-powder. Though ridiculous in the extreme,—for so the author himself characterises it, as a poetical effort,—it was printed on 'a fine wire-wove paper,'—a novelty in this class of literature, and charged 'one penny.' Many thousands were sold; for notwithstanding that this song was 'entered at Stationers' Hall,' one Evans, a noted printer of ballads in Long Lane, *pirated our property*, and his itinerant retailers of poetry and music hawked and sung it all over the metropolis. Whilst the sale was yet *rife*, Evans declared that he had sold upwards of 70,000 copies.—A choice paper impression of this ballad, which has a wood-cut, from one of Bewick's Pigs, at the top, will be sought for as an '*extra rare*' curiosity, by some confirmed Biblio-maniac, at no remote period. Strange as may appear, it may be safely affirmed that to this junction and circumstance are to be attributed the '*Beauties of Wiltshire*,' the '*Beauties of England and Wales*,' the

Architectural' and 'Cathedral Antiquities,' the History, &c. of Westminster Abbey,' as well as all the other works that have been jointly and separately written by us. On the present occasion, however, I must forbear entering further into auto-biography, fearing that the narrative might be regarded as trifling or egotistical; although the vicissitudes I experienced, after being released from my cell,—the privations I endured—my pedestrian journey from London to Plymouth and back—my predilection for theatrical amusements, and for reading and debating societies, and my occupations in wine cellars, counting-houses, and law offices, would collectively afford a series of not uninteresting events and subjects, both for reflection and for description.

Mr. Britton then goes on to relate the origin and progress of the various important works in which he was subsequently engaged. By contributing occasionally to the *Sporting Magazine* he was introduced to the knowledge of the proprietor of that journal, who secured his assistance in the completion of a topographical work entitled 'The Beauties of Wiltshire.' The Architectural Antiquities, consisting of four volumes, quarto, with 278 engravings, cost 8,000*l*. The work was in progress nine years and two months. The Cathedral Antiquities has cost its proprietors no less than 10,000*l*. The narrative concludes with the following expression of honourable triumph, for which, as a stimulus to such as may be treading in Mr. Britton's steps, we shall endeavour to find room :—

I consider myself both rich and happy—my riches consist in paying my way, exemption from debt, in having many comforts around me, particularly a large library, well stored with the highest treasure of intellect in literary composition and graphic execution, and in a conviction, that the remainder of my life will enable me to increase these comforts, and even to obtain a few luxuries. Possessing a disposition to regard every feature of *Nature* with admiration, and to derive delight from every page in her immense volume of genius and of wisdom; partial to *Art*, in her various departments of painting, sculpture, architecture, and engraving; still more interested in, and fascinated by, the writings of our best authors, it would be strange if these sources did not add to, if not wholly constitute, happiness. An affectionate and amiable wife, the esteem of many good and estimable men, an intimacy, I hope friendship, with several eminent and distinguished personages, are, with me, additional grounds for happiness. It is commonly said, that envy and jealousy belong to, and tend to degrade, the literary character. From my own feelings and experience, I can safely say, that authorship is more exempt from these degrading passions, than many other professions. I envy no one, hate no one, and pity and forgive those who have harboured such ignoble feelings towards me.

This pleasing narrative is marked throughout with obvious traits of good feeling and good taste, and we cannot but congratulate Mr. B. most cordially on the *otium cum dignitate* to which he has at length attained. May all persons of equal worth, industry, and talents, be similarly rewarded.

CHIT-CHAT, LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Some of the late numbers of Blackwood's Magazine, and more especially those for September, October, and November have, we happen to know, been the means of increasing the circulation of that periodical very materially; since January last its sale has been augmented nearly nine hundred copies. The New Monthly has also, we believe, been gaining ground, but in nothing like the same proportion. Mr. Lockhart will edit the next number of the Quarterly Review.

A very marvellous story is now upon its travels through the London and provincial press, respecting the arrest of Sheridan's corpse on the day of his funeral, and one journal has even gone so far as to offer to *show up the monsters* who have been guilty of so flagrant a violation of common decency. It is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to say, that this tragic narrative is an idle and clumsy fabrication. Every country attorney can attest the fact, that a dead body cannot be arrested on any plea whatsoever; and what is more, that there never has existed a law authorizing such a procedure. We believe that Mrs. Opie, in one of her slip-slop novels, introduces such an incident, but we know of no more satisfactory authority.

A challenge from the renowned Rob Roy to the Duke of Montrose, defying him to mortal combat, was recently found (says the Newcastle Chronicle), among some papers in Heriot's Hospital, Edinburgh.

The Viscount S. Lourenço who published, six years ago, a Portuguese translation of Pope's Essay on Man, with an immense number of annotations, in various languages, which was printed with great magnificence, in three volumes, 4to. has since published at Paris, a Portuguese translation of Milton's Paradise Lost, in two volumes, 8vo.

M. Velpeau lately read a memoir to the Royal Academy of Medicine at Paris, tending to prove that if the pustules of the small-pox are cauterized within the two first days of their appearance, they die away entirely; and if this be done even later, their duration is abridged, and no traces of them are left. The caustic he employs is a solution of nitrate of silver, in which he dips a probe, with which he pierces the centre of each pustule.

The Monthly Magazine formerly edited by Sir R. Phillips, and purchased of him about a year ago by Messrs. Cox and Baylis is about to be regenerated. The object of the proprietors seems to be to put it as far as in their power on a par with other periodicals,—to 'infuse a larger portion of the essence of general Literature into those pages which constitute the first and most prominent division of the work, and to vary the graver subjects of Political Economy, Statistics, Chemistry, and Experimental Philosophy, after the mode of their more modern contemporaries, with Original Papers, either humorous, historical, or pathetic, interspersed with lively or acute disquisitions on Poetry, and the Belles-Lettres.' Hitherto this publication has been supported, like St. George's Hospital, by voluntary contributions, but henceforth writers of talent and eminence will, we understand, be engaged, and no expense spared to give it the same advantages as are possessed by another leading periodical of the same class. Politics will, we are glad to hear, be carefully excluded. The new Series will commence with the ensuing month.

It is almost impossible for an author to write the memoirs of such a man as the late John Kemble (provided always the biography has authenticity to recommend it) without producing an interesting book. Accordingly there is much to amuse and delight us in Mr. Boaden's life of his celebrated friend, although as a composition the book is contemptible. Mr. B. has we perceive the life of Mrs. Siddons in the press.

There are no less than three Boswells busy in preparing lives of that virulent old pedant Dr. Parr. From this man's gross insincerity when writing to his literary and learned friends much sport is expected. We have heard from pretty good authority that there are many of his letters extant, dated on the same day, containing characters of the same individual as different from each other as light from dark; so that whilst Mr. So-and-So may be represented in one of his 'lives' as one of the most tasteful and accomplished scholars of the age, he may expect to find himself designated in another as one of the most ignorant and tasteless of dolts. We trust the periodical press will forget the absurd adage of 'De mortuis

nihil nisi bonum,' and do its duty by the posthumous venom of this rancorous old pedagogue.

A loom has recently been made, at Lyons, for silk weaving, which has many advantages. It is composed of five stages; and the mechanism, which is simple, allows one man to weave five pieces at the same time. It has been examined by the Commissioners from the Academy of Lyons. The inventor is M. Lebrun, and the Academy intend to confer a gold medal on him. By this loom a saving will be made of four-fifths in the expense of labour.

The North Pole mania and Parry humbug is, we are glad to see, upon the wane. If Messrs. Croker and Barrow send out any more expeditions for the gratification of their own idle curiosity, let the expenses be disbursed from their own enormous salaries. What possible good can arise from the mere knowledge of the fact that Captain Parry has discovered a northern passage, if that discovery can never be made available to any useful purpose; and if Captain Parry, with every adventitious aid which the Admiralty has been able to afford him, has found it impossible to accomplish the object of his expedition, is it likely, if they do at length hit upon an outlet that merchantmen can ever be expected to avail themselves of the discovery without encountering great difficulties and dangers. It seems, however, that Mr. Murray is about to publish another quarto on the subject, entitled an Appendix to Captain Parry's Journal of a Second Voyage for the Discovery of a North West Passage.

Sir Richard Phillips's knack of vamping up scissors-and-paste publications, and foisting them on the public by means of striking names, and the grossest system of puffing, is well known. It seems that the Godfathers to most of the Knight's recent vamps of this class are Messrs. Knight and Lacy, (still a Knight in the firm), hence the rubbish entitled *Anecdotes of Westminster Hall*; *Anecdotes of Law*; *Anecdotes of Music*; *Remarkable Trials*; and a variety of publications of similar value; advertised in the provincial newspapers under the catching title of 'Contemporary Literature.' The country gentlemen may be gulled by such announcements, but we question if they answer Sir Richard's purpose after all. The plan, however, of advertising in such a manner as to make it appear that the puff is the spontaneous production of the newspaper editor cannot be a bad one, or rather we should say, an unsuccessful one, since Mr. Colburn (whose authority on all matters connected with puffing, is paramount), has adopted it. Some more of the kind of rubbish to which we have alluded, entitled the *Reign of Terror*, is, we perceive, announced for publication. Dr. Brickbat (as John Bull calls him) is, it would appear, busily employed in vamping for the Knight and his coadjutors.

Mr. Webb, of Providence, United States, has had occasion to observe that globules of water and air were by no means unfrequent in specimens of amethyst, which came under his eye. Many of them were highly interesting from the size of the globule or portion of liquid, the form of the cavity containing it, the exhibition of double refraction through the crystal which it afforded, &c. He remarks, that most of these specimens were found among such as had been rejected on account of being too pale for good cabinet specimens, and thinks it probable that good specimens are continually neglected for want of sufficient and close examination.

It is said that a new edition of Mr. Campbell's *Selections from the British Poets* is preparing for publication. We trust, if this be the case, that he will change some of his extracts, and correct the many errors with which the work abounds in its present state. We wish Mr. C. would publish his volume of criticism and biography and separate, for that portion of the book is really valuable, proceeding as it does from the pen of one of the first poets of the age. The selections we consider on the whole very unhappy.

A *Life of Wolfe* is announced 'uniform with Southey's *Nelson*,' but not by the same author, as the bookseller would fain have it appear. Mr. Southey has other fish to fry. He is preparing for the press *Dialogues on Various Subjects*, and a new volume of his admirable *History of the Peninsular War* is expected to appear almost immediately.

The Rev. H. H. Milman has a dramatic poem nearly ready for publication, entitled '*Anna Boleyn*.' Report speaks of this poem as the *chef d'œuvre* of its amiable and celebrated author.

The fourth volume of Mr. Stewart Rose's lively translation of *Aristo* is about to make its appearance. There can be no doubt but that this admirable version,

judging from what we have seen of it, will supersede the wretched trash by Hoole, which has so long, for want of something better, kept possession of the market. The very circumstance of Hoole's having chained down the airy spirit of Ariosto, to his corpse-like couplets, instead of adopting the suitable stanza of his original, ought to have damned his labours from the moment of their first publication. Sir John Harrington is to Ariosto what Fairfax is to Tasso, both as regards the measure of his verse and the quaintness of his style; but the comparison can be carried no further, for there is a great deal of genuine poetry in Fairfax, although there is little or none in Sir John.—Mr. Rose has wisely adopted the *ottava rima* in his translation of Ariosto; and Mr. Wiffen has with equal good taste employed the stanza of Spenser, in his version of Tasso. Both these works, but more especially the latter, reflect the highest credit upon the literature of the age.

The author of a sprightly little volume, entitled *Warreniana*, a Mr. Deacon, formerly editor of *Gold and Northouses's London Magazine*, is, we understand, about to publish a series of *Tales*, entitled *November Nights*.

There is now in the division of Hunsley Beacon, in Yorkshire, a folio edition of the Scriptures, in French, printed at Geneva in 1693; revised and compared with the Hebrew and Greek texts, by the pastors and professors of the Church of Geneva. It is in a state of the highest preservation. The preface is written by Calvin.

A Steam Vessel, on an entirely new principle, is now building at Bridport harbour. It is not to be propelled by paddle-wheels, but by the retrograde motion of short flaps, which work horizontally in the sides of the vessel, progressing at the rate of twenty-four foot in a second, on a parallel line with the water. When the flap, or rather fin, has finished its motion, it rises out of the water and repeats its operation, by rushing through a space of eighteen feet along the side of the vessel. Boilers are dispensed with, and the steam generated by forcing water into a double barrel, by the heat of which it is easily converted into steam, having all the advantage of the perpetual boiler without its incumbrance.

It is stated in a letter from Rome, that important discoveries of antiquities have been made at Tusculum. Not only has an ancient theatre been found, but the streets leading to it have been cleared. An aqueduct, a public fountain, baths, vases, a head of Jupiter, other marble ornaments, elegant paintings in *fresco*, and other precious objects have been brought to light.

The most absurd nonsense seems to find translators at the present day. Tassoni's silly poem *La Secchia Rapita*; or the Rape of the Bucket, is we are told about to be translated by a Mr. Atkinson.

Mr. Pettigrew, librarian to the Duke of Sussex, announces for publication an Historical and Descriptive Catalogue of his Royal Highness's Library, with Biographical Notices of the most eminent Printers, Editors, Engravers, &c.—It has been often said that bibliomaniacs often collect such books as they have the least occasion for. This accounts, we suppose, for his Royal Highness's having nearly all the editions ever printed of the Bible.

Mrs. Shelley, the authoress of that monstrous literary abortion, *Frankenstein* or the modern Prometheus, is, we understand, about to produce another Raw-head-and-bloody-bones, called 'The Last Man.' There is, we believe a novel already published, entitled *Omegarius*, or the Last Man, a bantling of the Leadenhall press; a fact which might have spared Mr. Campbell the trouble of writing his long letter to the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, on the subject of the originality of the conception of *his Last Man*.

Poor Mrs. Belzoni's subscription gets on very slowly. It is disgraceful to the national taste, that whilst a subscription of nearly five thousand pounds can be raised in a few weeks for the family of a deceased actor of low comedy and farce, one thousand pounds cannot be collected for the widow of a man who has done so much for science as poor Belzoni. Mr. Brockeden the painter has, we hear, liberally presented Mrs. B. with the entire proceeds of the sale of his spirited portrait of M. Belzoni.

A charter, incorporating the Royal Society of Literature has passed the Great Seal.

The authors of the *Rejected Addresses* have announced a new work (not, we trust, a fresh gathering from the *New Monthly*,) for early publication.